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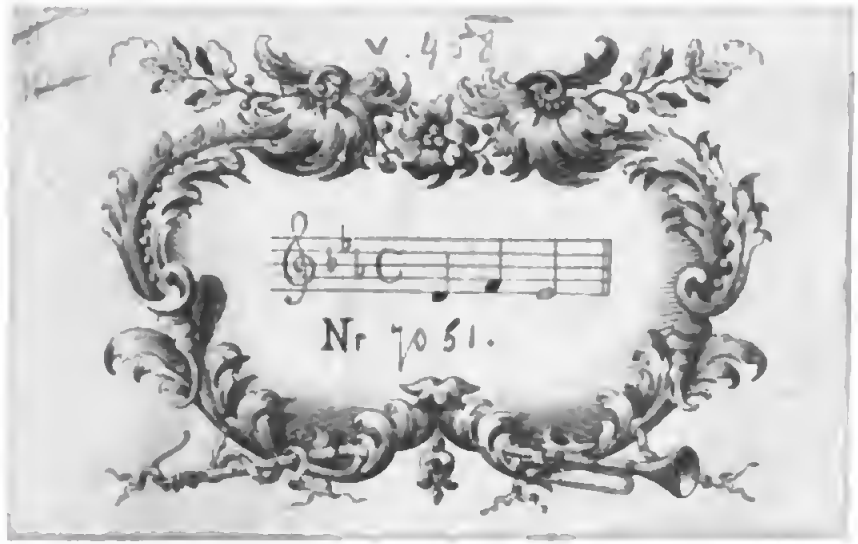

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Publish'd as the Act directs, by Ed. Jones, 1st of March 1799.

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The Musical Bouquét;

or Popular Songs, and Ballads:

Some of which are Composed, & others Selected by the Editor:
to which are added, proper Accompaniments
for the HARP, or HARPSICHORD.
and most respectfully Inscribed to his Scholars,
by

Edward Jones;

Bard to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, & Teacher of the Harp.

Never Sing but to the Harp.
Pythagoras.

Price 7s. 6d.

London, Printed and Sold at N.3, Green Street, near Grosvenor Square, & at the Principal Music Shops:
Where also may be had the following works by the same Author; Musical & Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards.—
Musical Miscellany—Musical Remains—Musical Trifles—A Selection of French and
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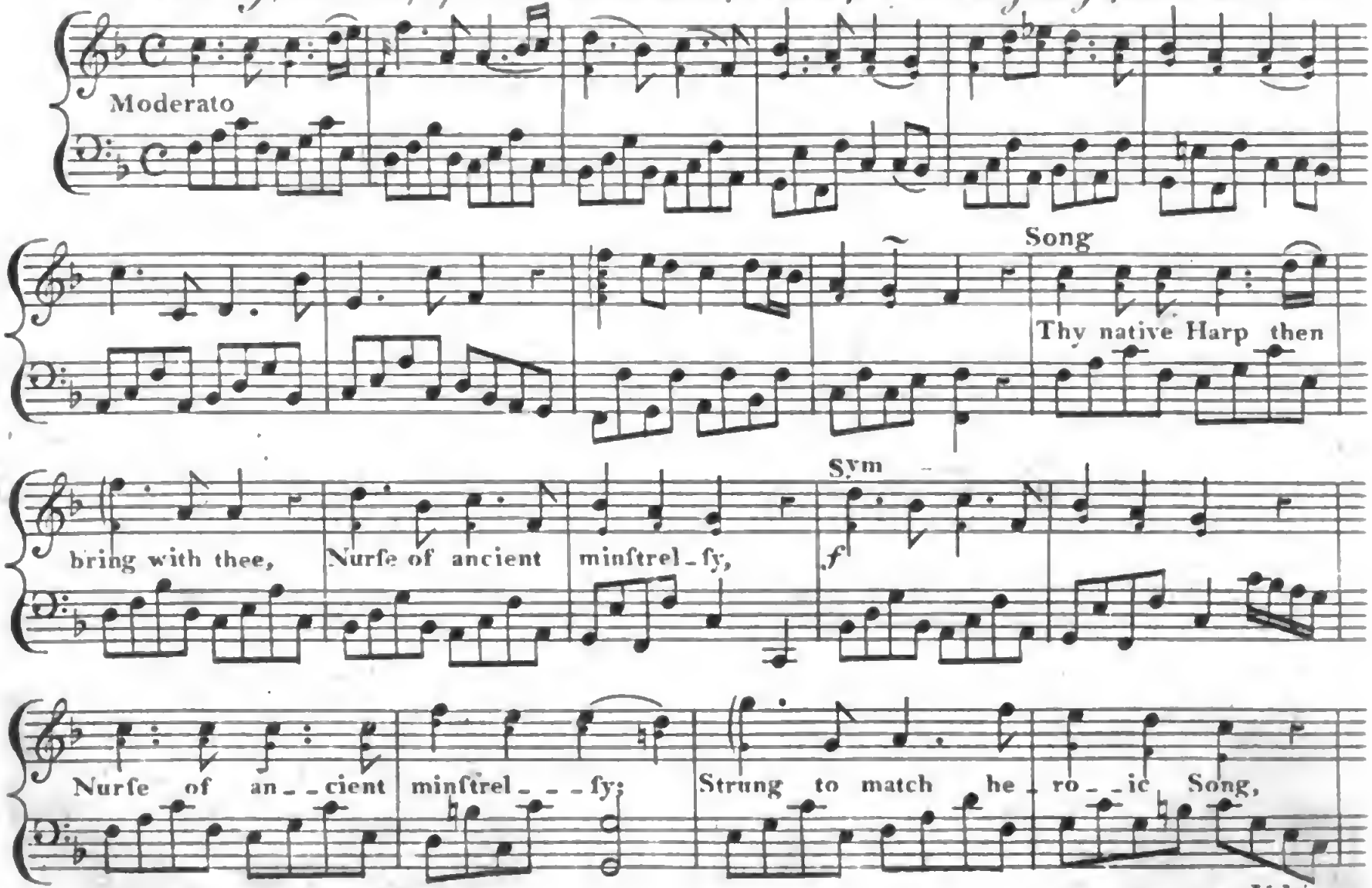
A Song, which was performed at the Festival of Lord Mayor, in the Mayoralty of Sir Watkin Lewes.



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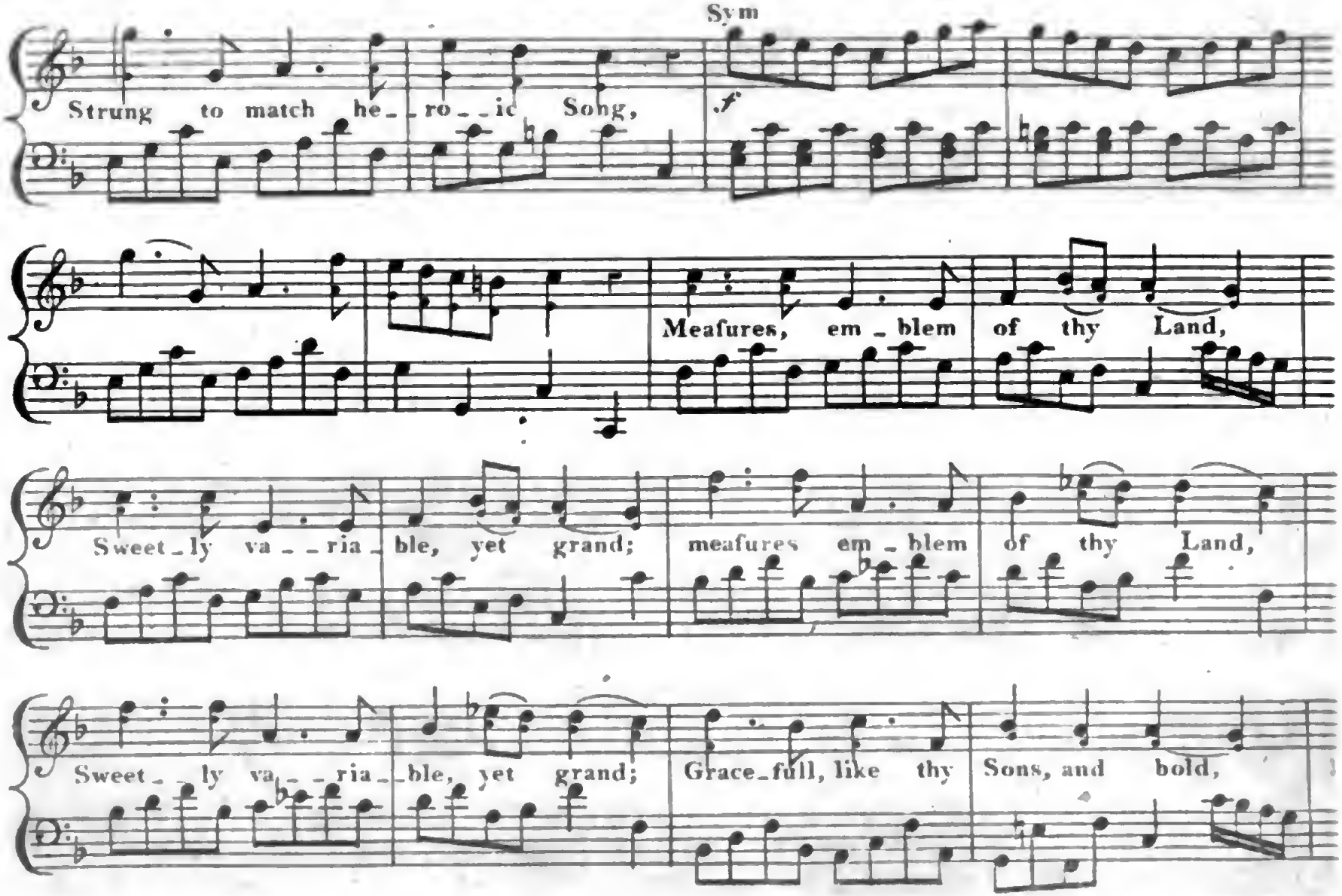

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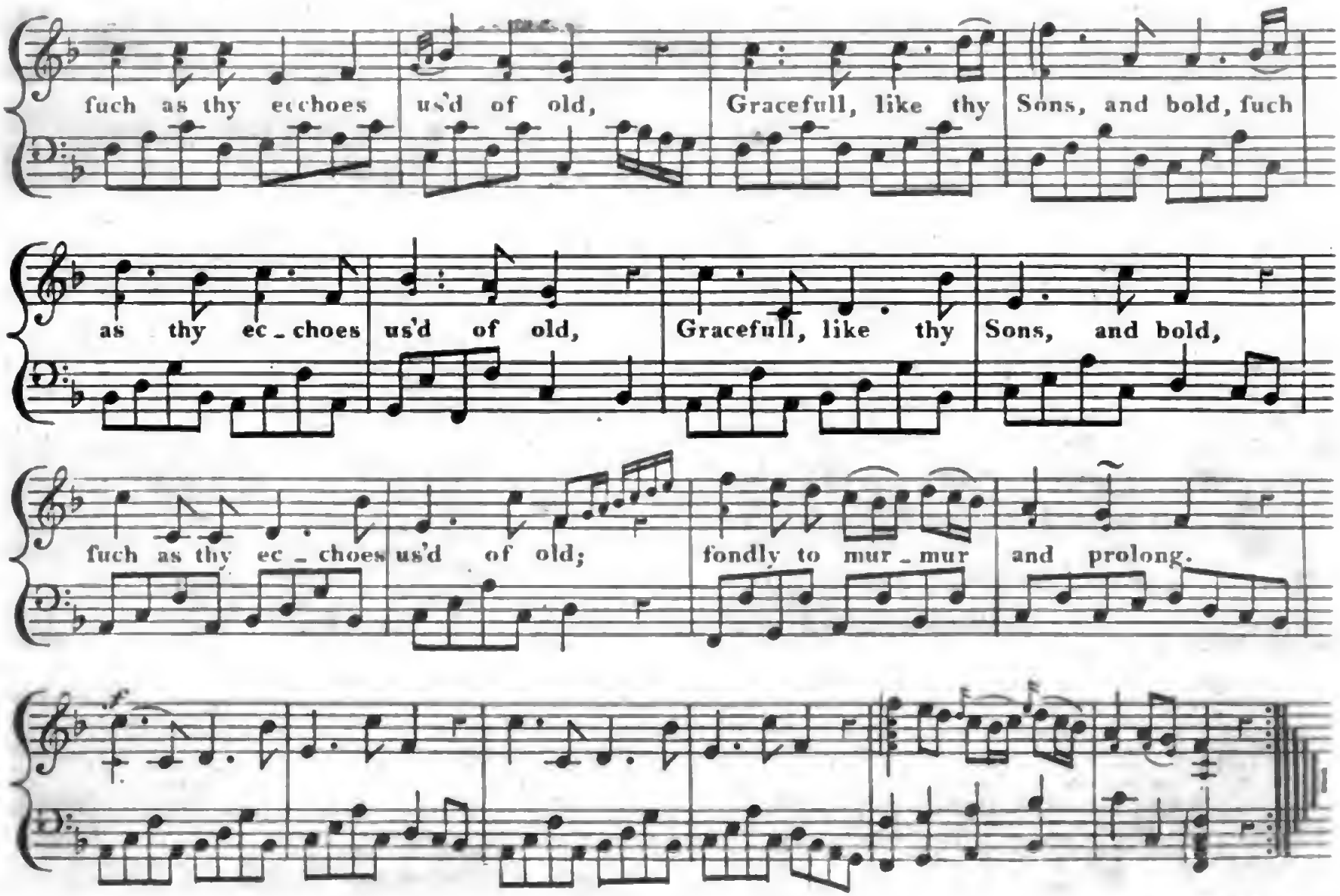

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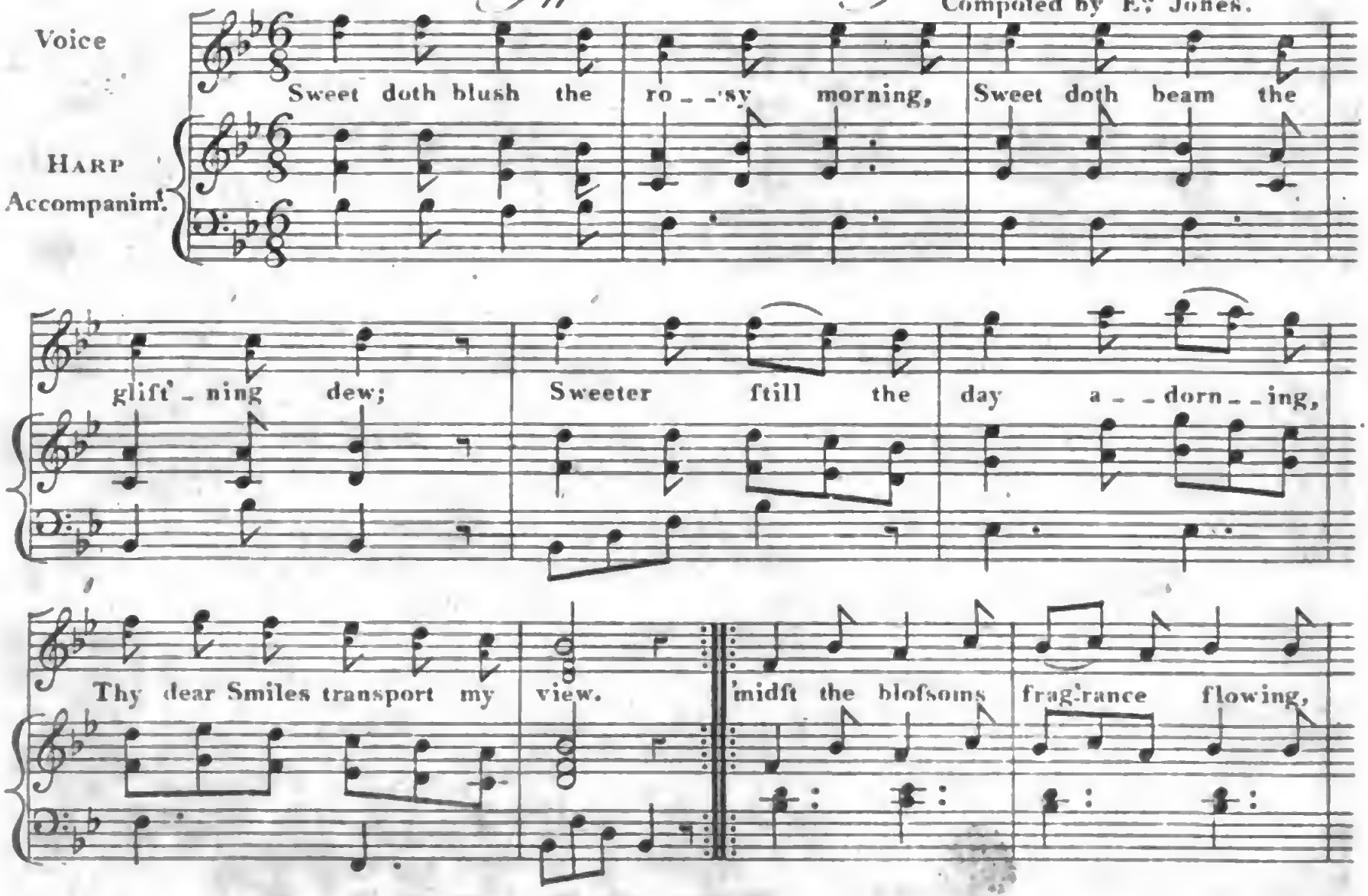
An Egyptian Love Song.

Compoſed by Ed. Jones.



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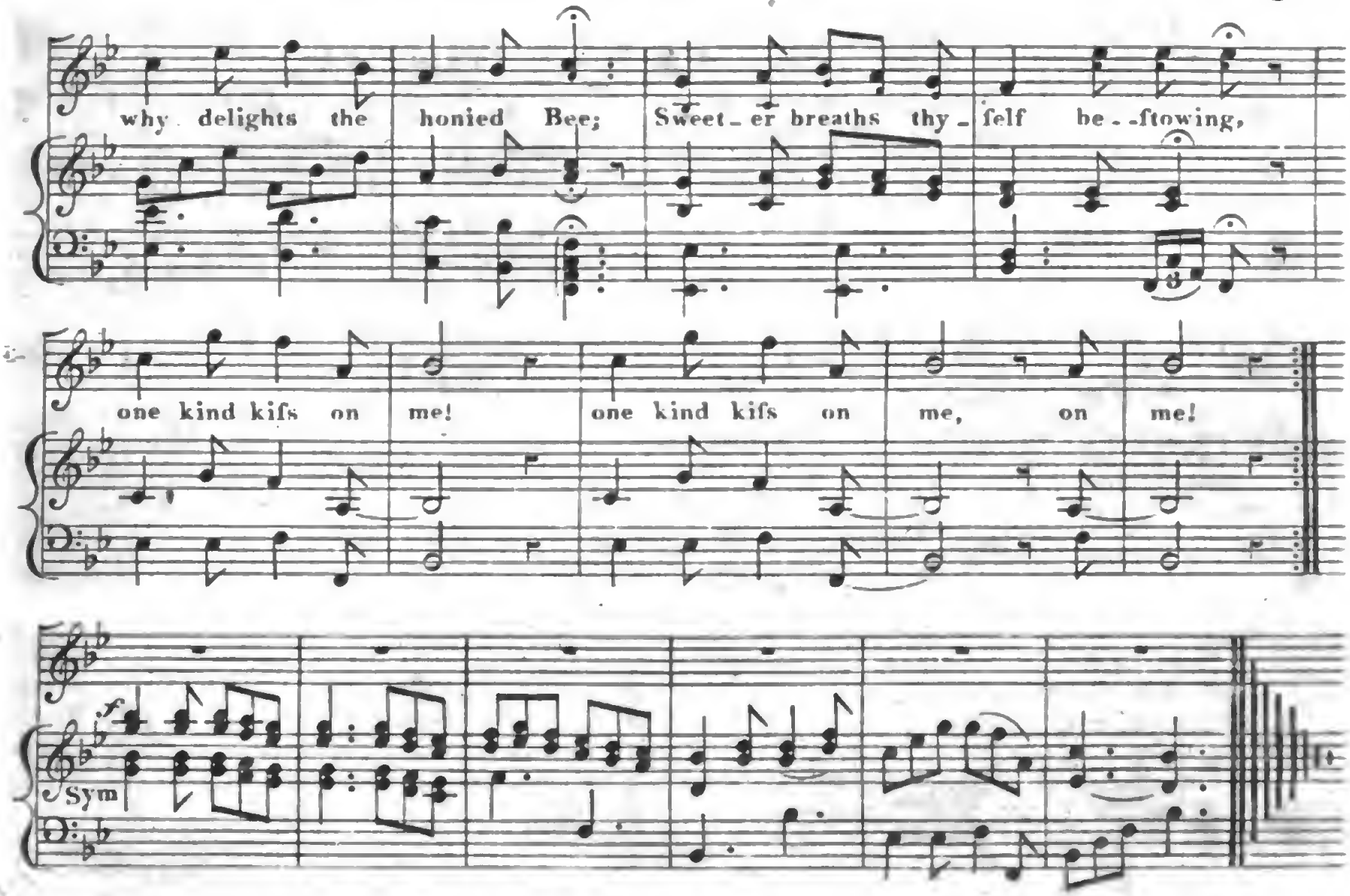

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Song.

Composd by Ed. Jones.

Slow and Pathetic.

As down the Torrent's roar_ing Tide, a while the cumb'rous

mafs may glide, dis_ _ _ _ fe_ _ver'd from the Shore, dis_

_ _ fe_ver'd from the Shore; But to the Lakes calm fur_ _face borne, It

feels its own fad weight re_turn, and finks, and finks, to rise no more

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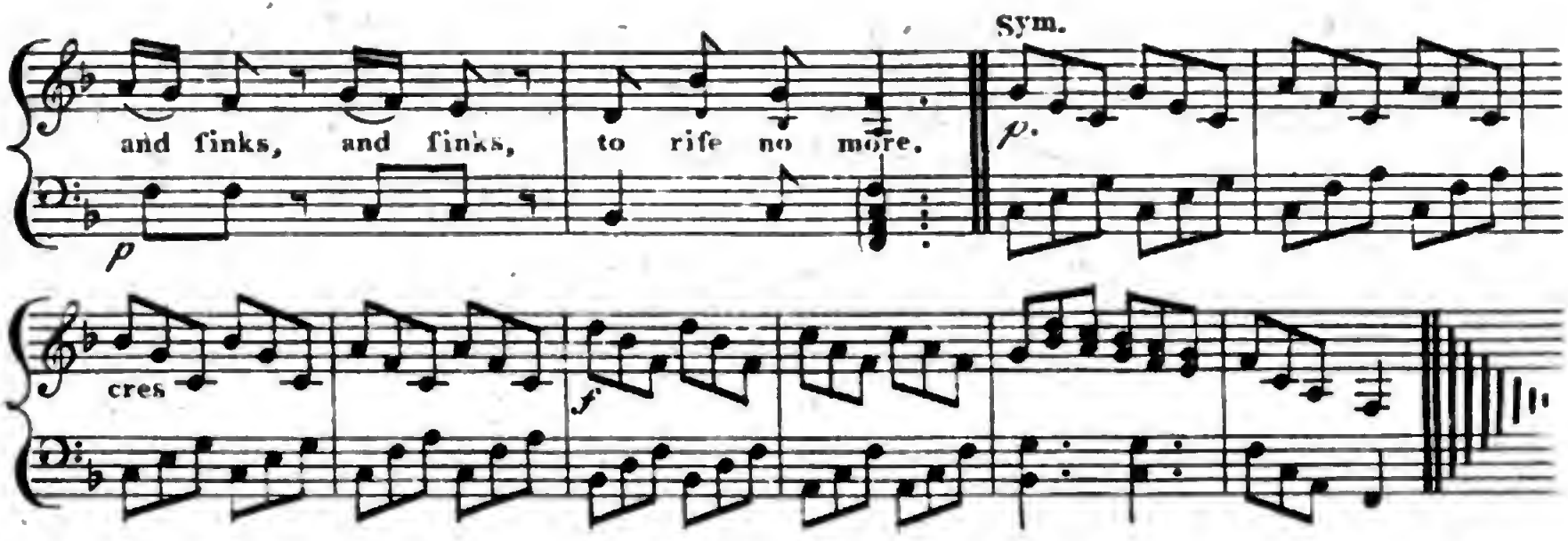

2

So, loft to love, oppreſs'd by grief,
Midſt ſocial mirth a ſhort relief
The ſorrowing heart may know;
But ah! to lonely thought retir'd,
It mocks the joy by mirth inſpir'd,
And droops in laſting woe.

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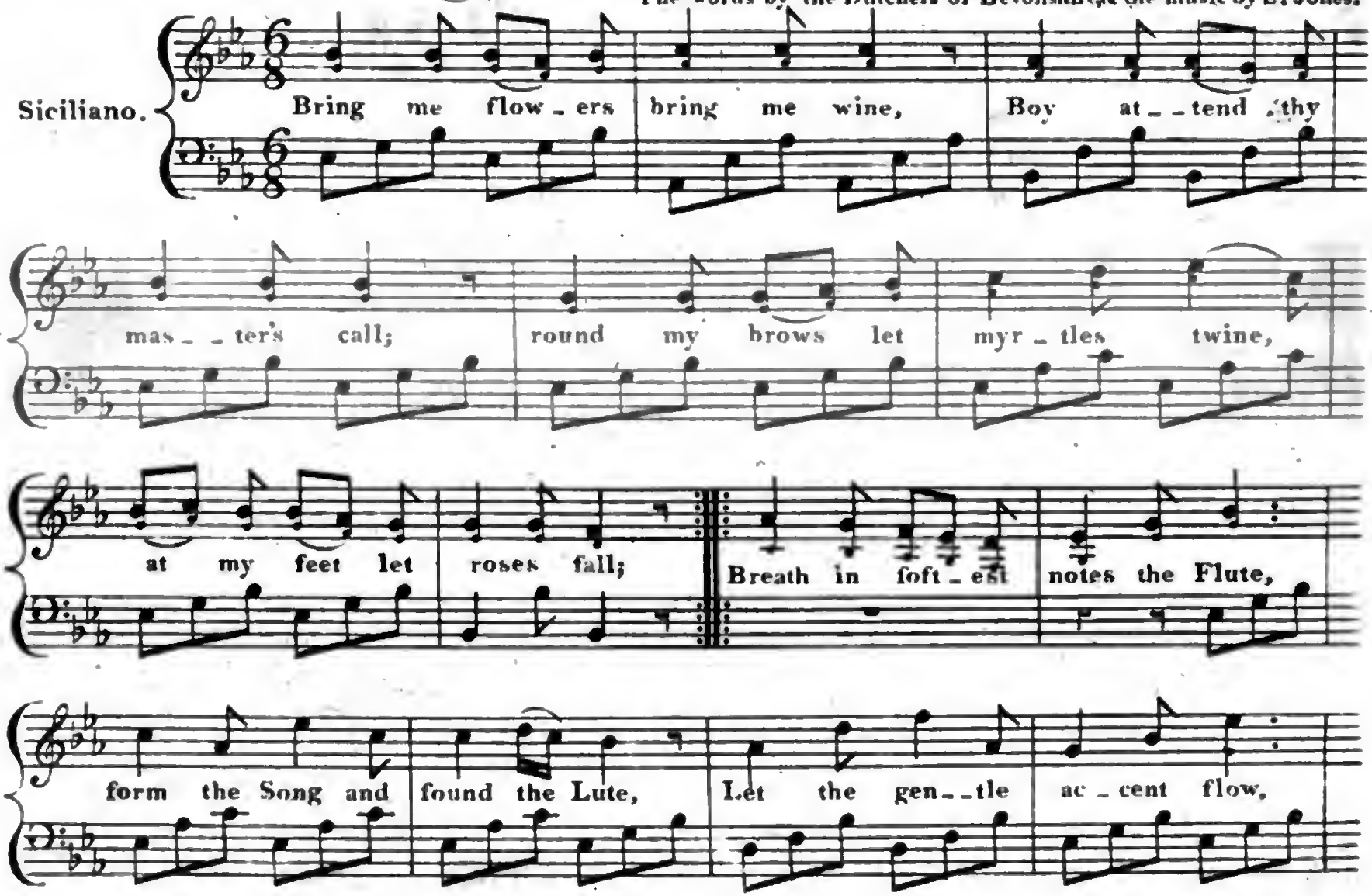
Bring me flowers bring me wine.

The words by the Dutchefs of Devonshire, & the music by Ed. Jones.



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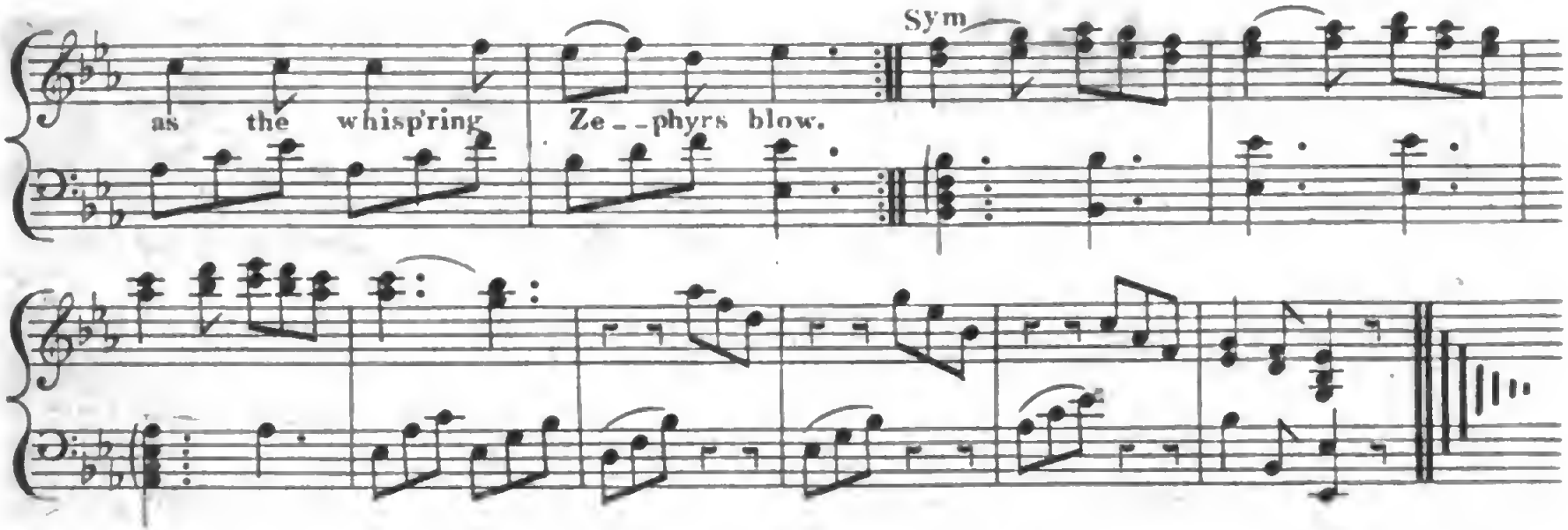

2

Sorrow wou'd annoy my heart,
But I hate it's baneful ſting;
Joys ſhall chace the rapid dart,
I will laugh, and I will ſing:
What avails the downcaſt Eye,
What avails the Tear, the Sigh,
Why ſhould grief obſtruct our way
When we live but for a day!

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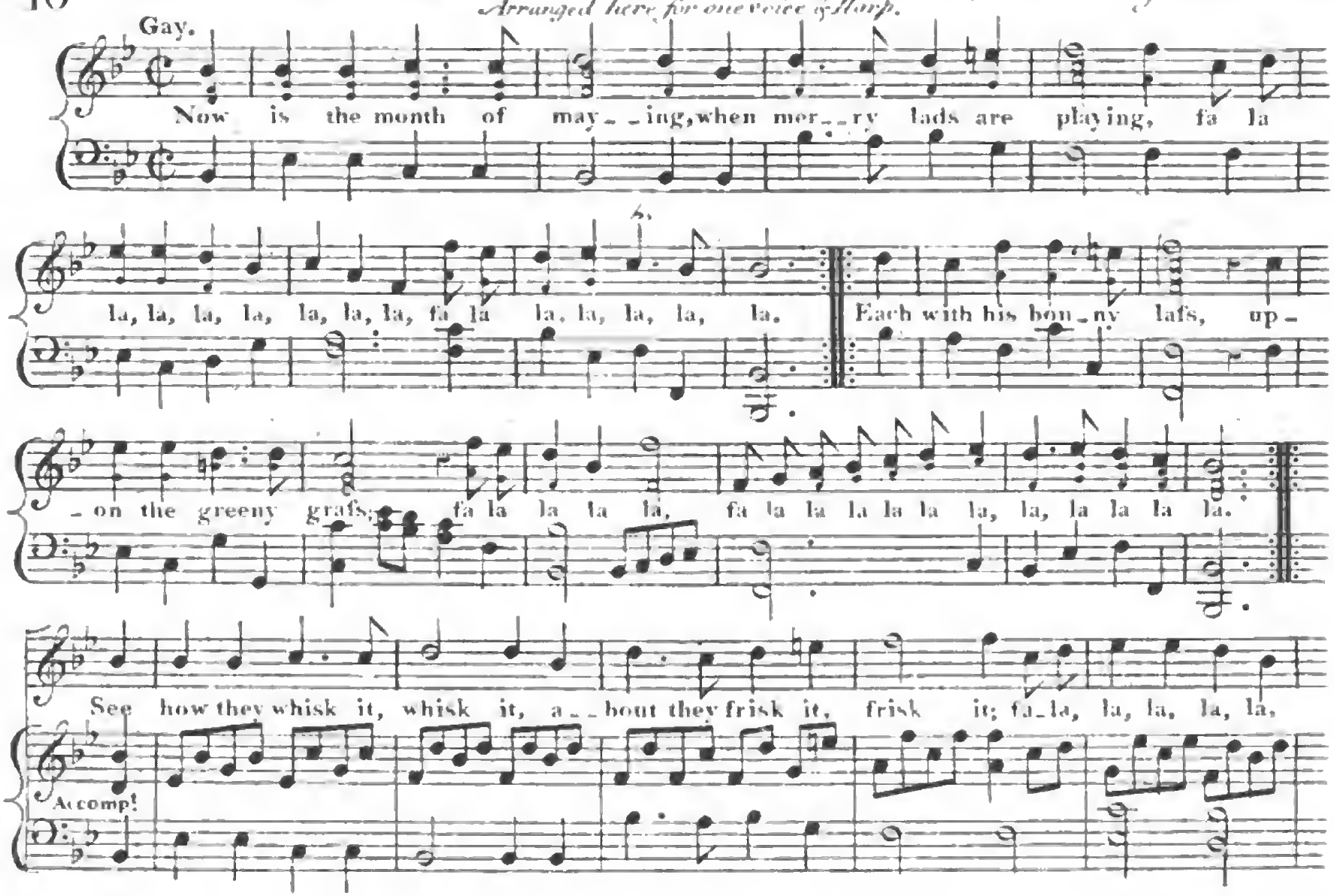
This delightful Glee was Composed by Tho.ˢ Morley, about the year 1595.

Arranged here for one voice & Harp.



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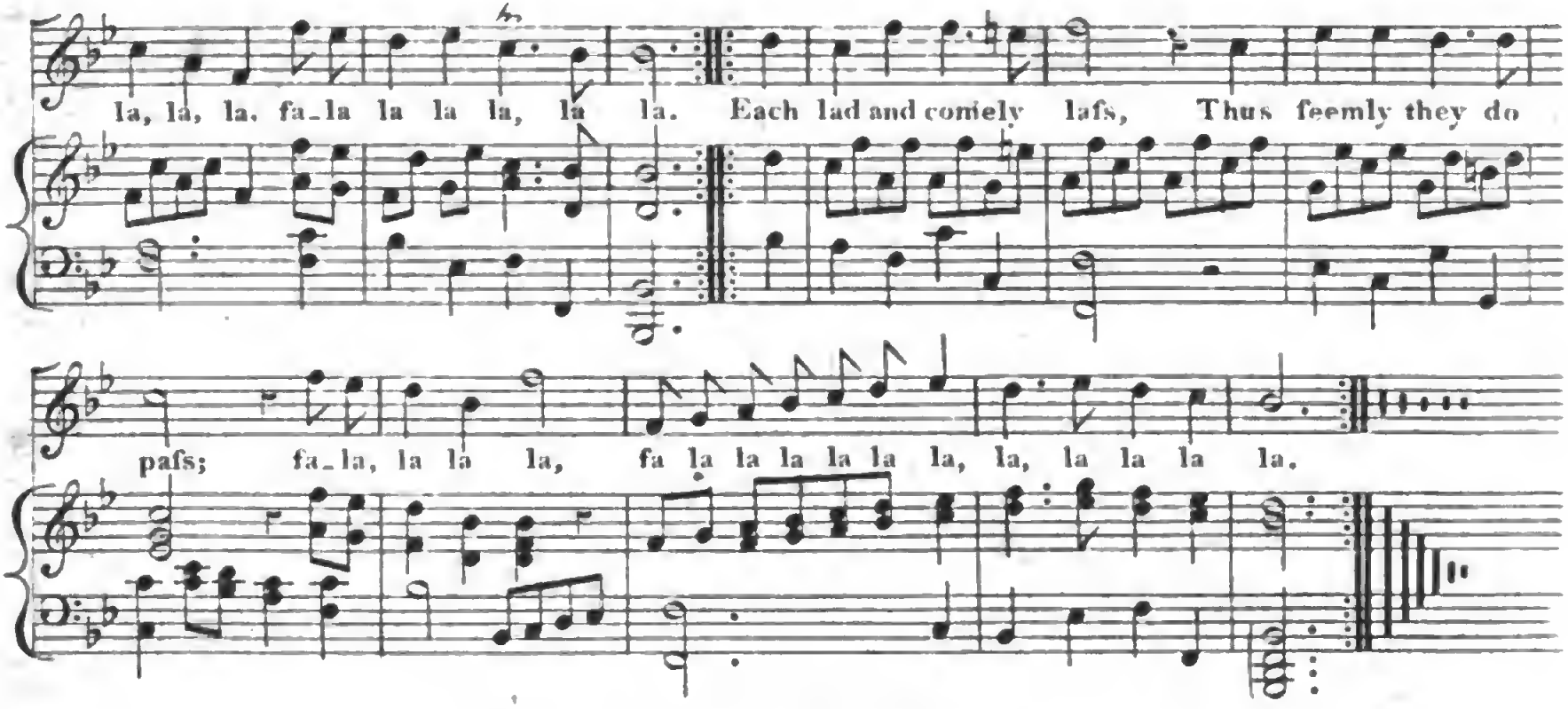

Thefe rural ſports are pleaſing,
Content doth bring hearts easing,
Fa la la, la, la, la, &c.
'Tis thus we cheat old Time,
Which ſuits but ev'ry clime;
Fa la la, la, la, la, &c.

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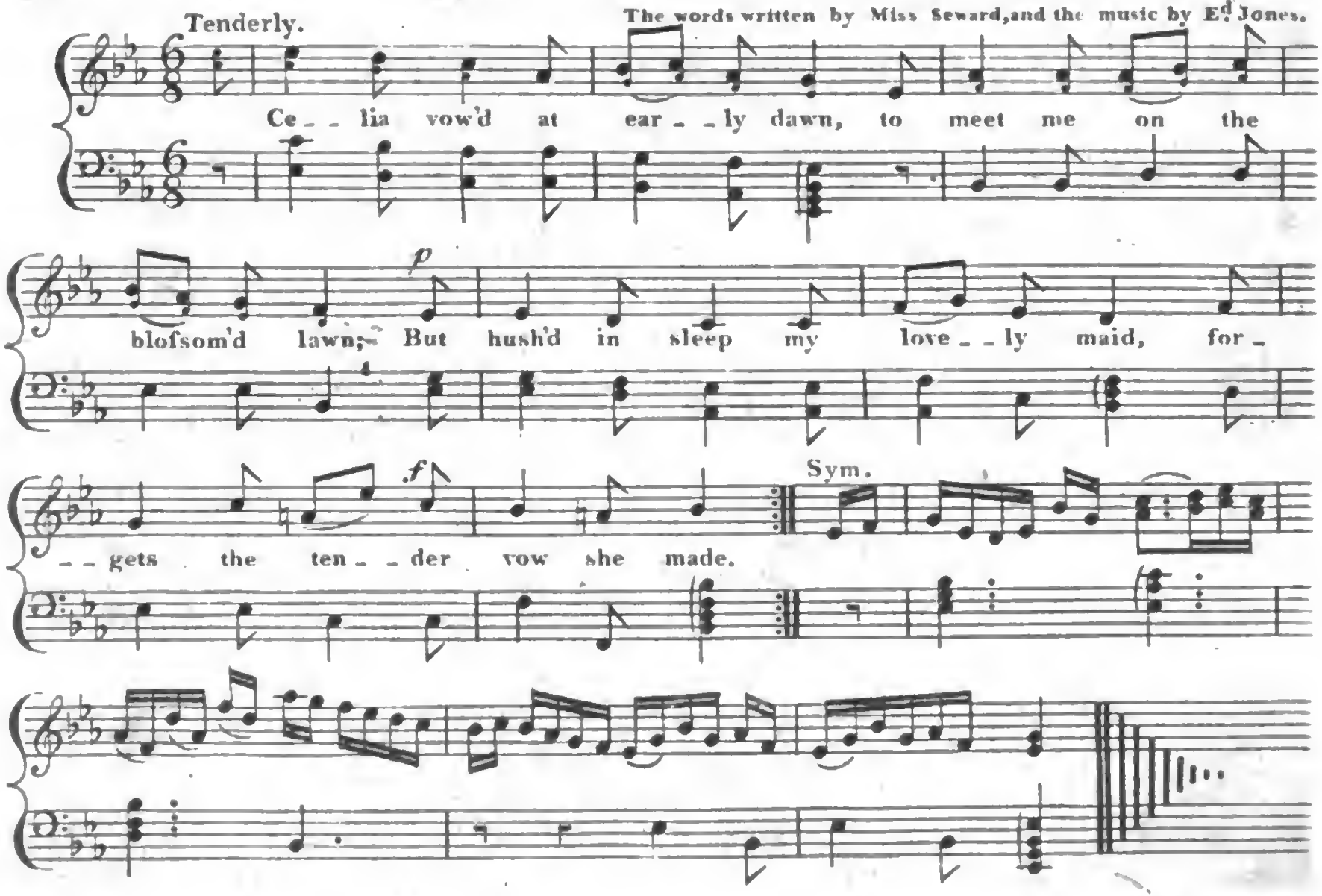
Celia.

Tenderly.

The words written by Miss Seward, and the music by Edr Jones.



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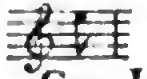
2

Fair shines the dewy light of morn
And brightly gems the silver thorn;
But hush'd in sleep my lovely maid
Forgets the tender vow she made!



3

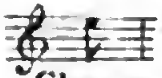
Gay Linnets carol from the hill,
And ſparkling flows the mountain rill,
But hush'd in sleep &c.

4

Freſh Roſes glow on ev'ry bush,
With perfum'd breath and crimſon blush;
But hush'd in sleep &c.

5

Come, lovely Nymph, they ſeem to ſay,
Adorn, like us, the riſing day;
But hush'd in sleep &c.



6

Charms dear as thine, alone can bring,
The joys that crown the breathing ſpring;
They, hush'd in dull ſuſpence muſt ſleep,
If thou ſhould'ſt fail thy vow to keep. —

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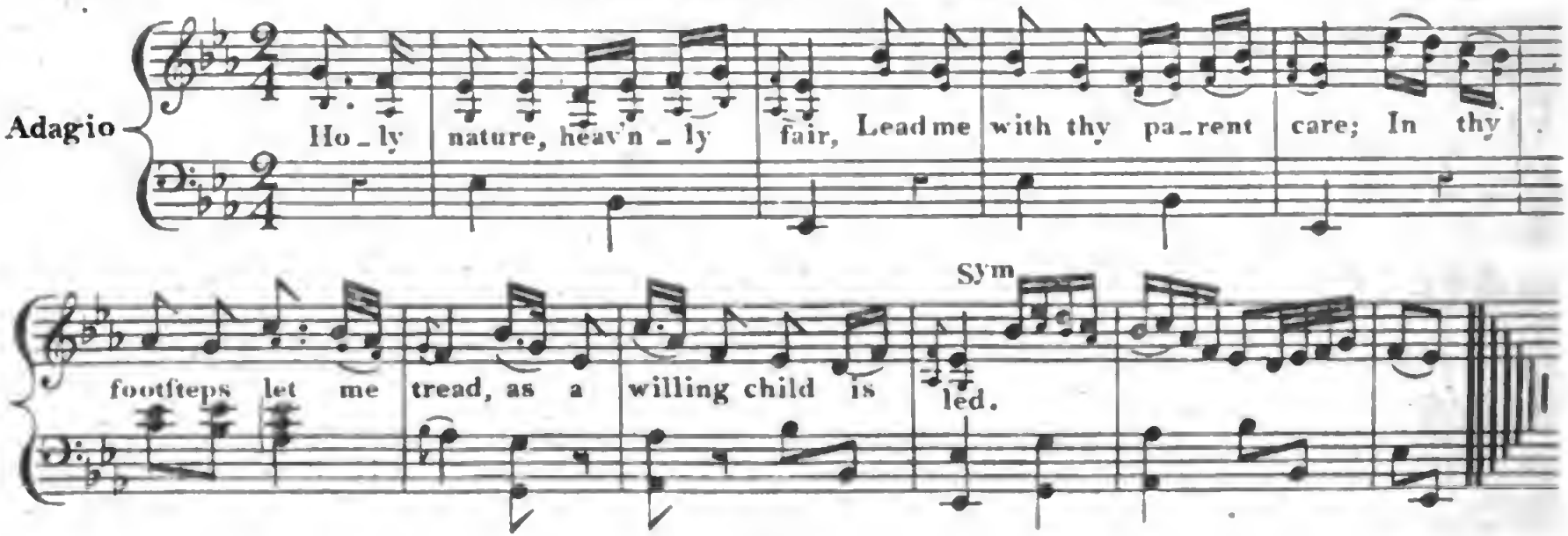
Invocation to Nature.

Shultz.



2

When with care and grief oppreſt
Soft I sink me on thy breaſt;
On thy peaceful boſom laid,
Grief shall cease, nor care invade

3

O Congenial pow'r divine,
All my votive soul is thine!
Lead me with thy parent care,
Holy nature, heav'nly fair.

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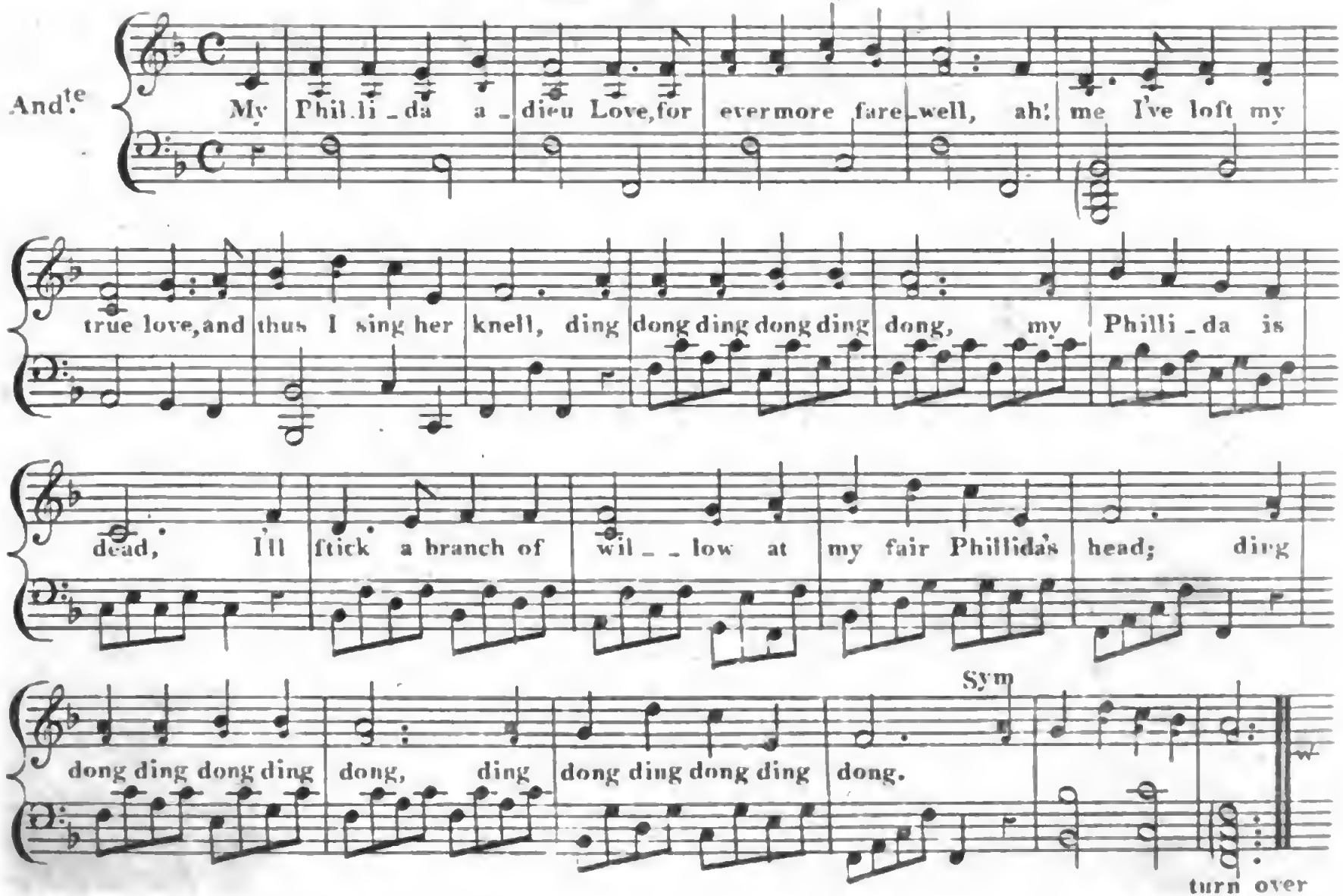

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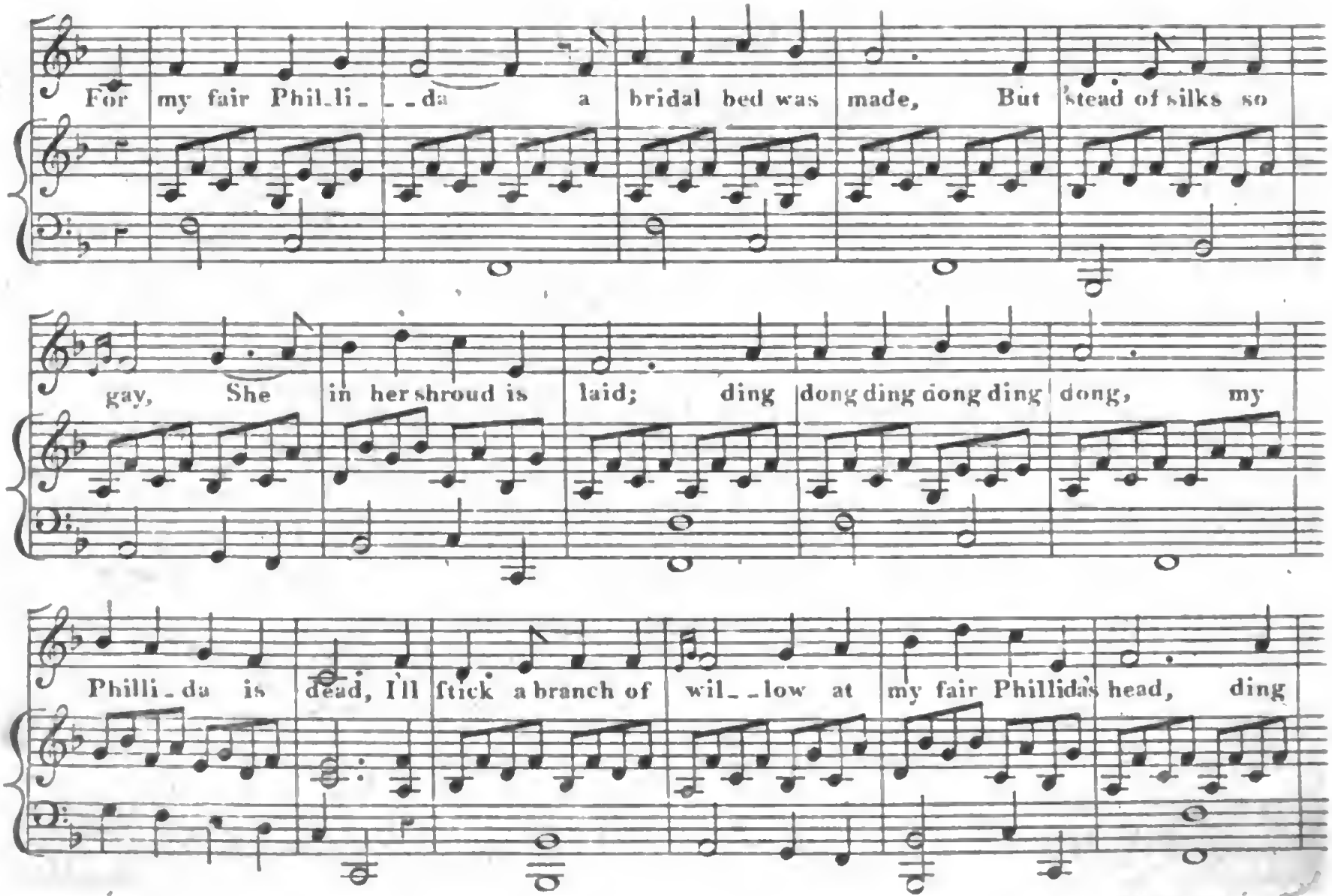

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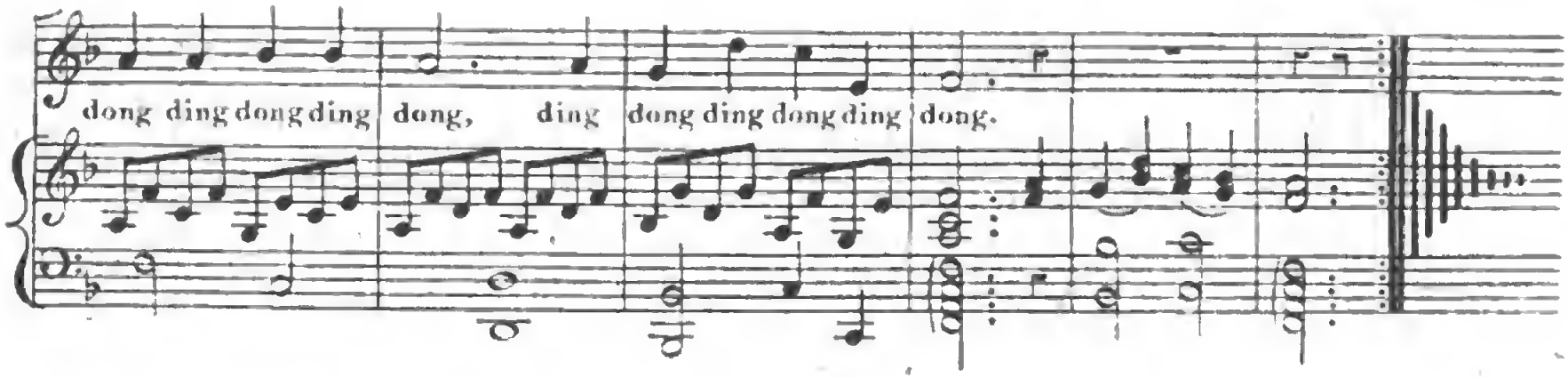

3

Her corpse shall be attended
By maids in fair array,
'Till the obfequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay:
ding dong &c.

4

I'll deck her Tomb with flowers,
The rareft ever feen;
And with my tears as showers,
I'll keep them fresh and green.
ding dong &c.

5

Inftead of faireft colours,
Set forth with curious art,
Her Image it is painted
On my diftrefsed heart!
ding dong &c.

6

In fable will I mourn,
Black shall be all my weed,
Ah! me I am forlorn,
Since Phillida is dead!
ding dong &c.

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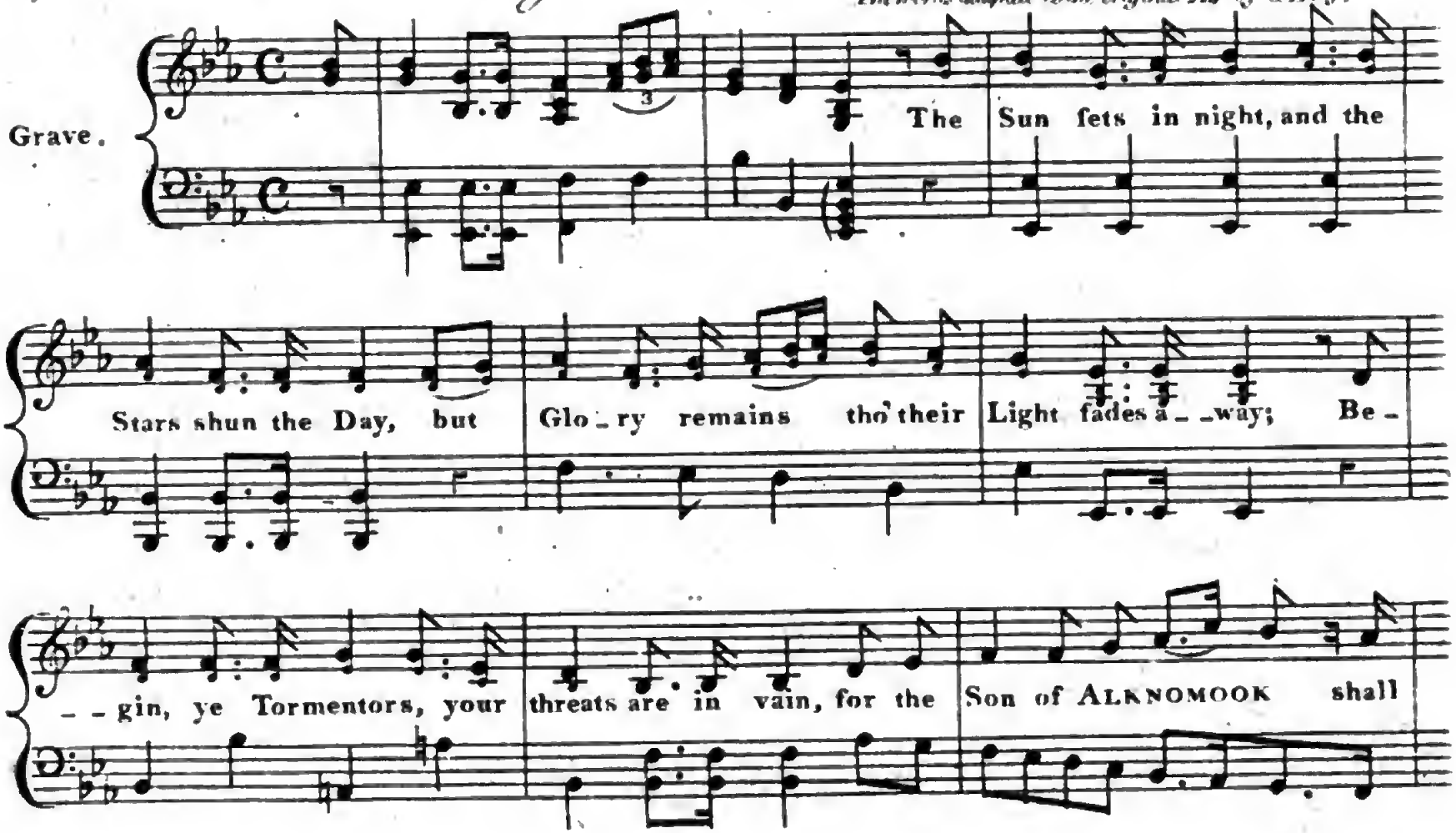
The Death Song of the Cherokee Indians.

The words adapted to the original Air by a Lady.



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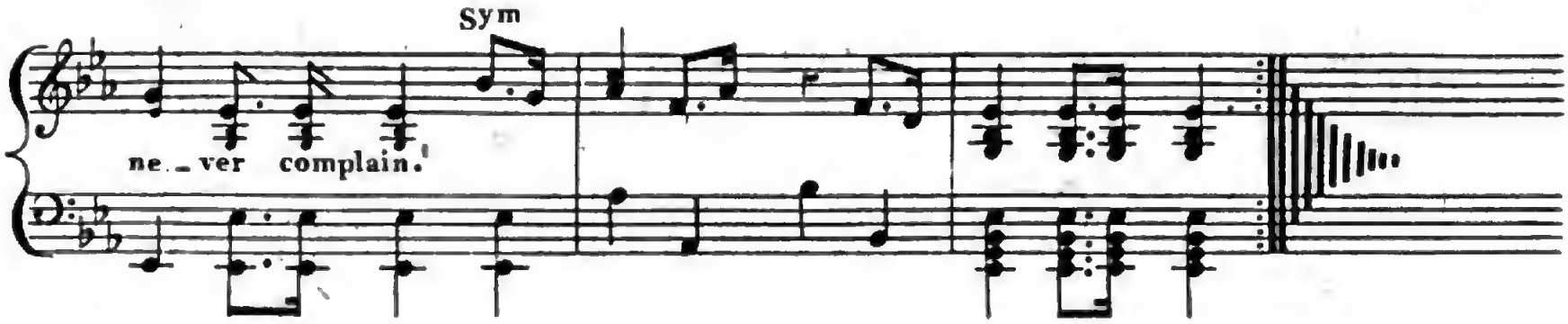

2

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the ſcalps, which we bore from your Nation away:
Why ſo ſlow?_do you think I ſhall ſhrink from my Pain?
No_the Son of ALKNOMOOK ſhall never complain.

3

Remember the Arrows I ſhot from my Bow:
Remember the Chiefs, which my Hatchet laid low.
Now the Fire riſes high you exult in my Pain.
But the Son of ALKNOMOOK ſhall never complain.

4

I go to the Land where my Father is gone,
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice at the Fame of his Son.
Death comes like a Friend; he relieves me from Pain,
And the Son of ALKNOMOOK hath ſcorn'd to complain.

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Oh my Love.

Andante

Oh my Love, lov'ſt thou me, Come quickly then and ſave me who dies for thee?

Allegro

A Canon of 4 in unison, or for one voice.

1 Here's a Health to all thoſe that we love;

2 Here's a Health to all thoſe that love us;

3 Here's a Health to all thoſe that love them that love thoſe,

(If too low, theſe notes may be ſung an Octave higher)

4 Love them that love thoſe, that love us.

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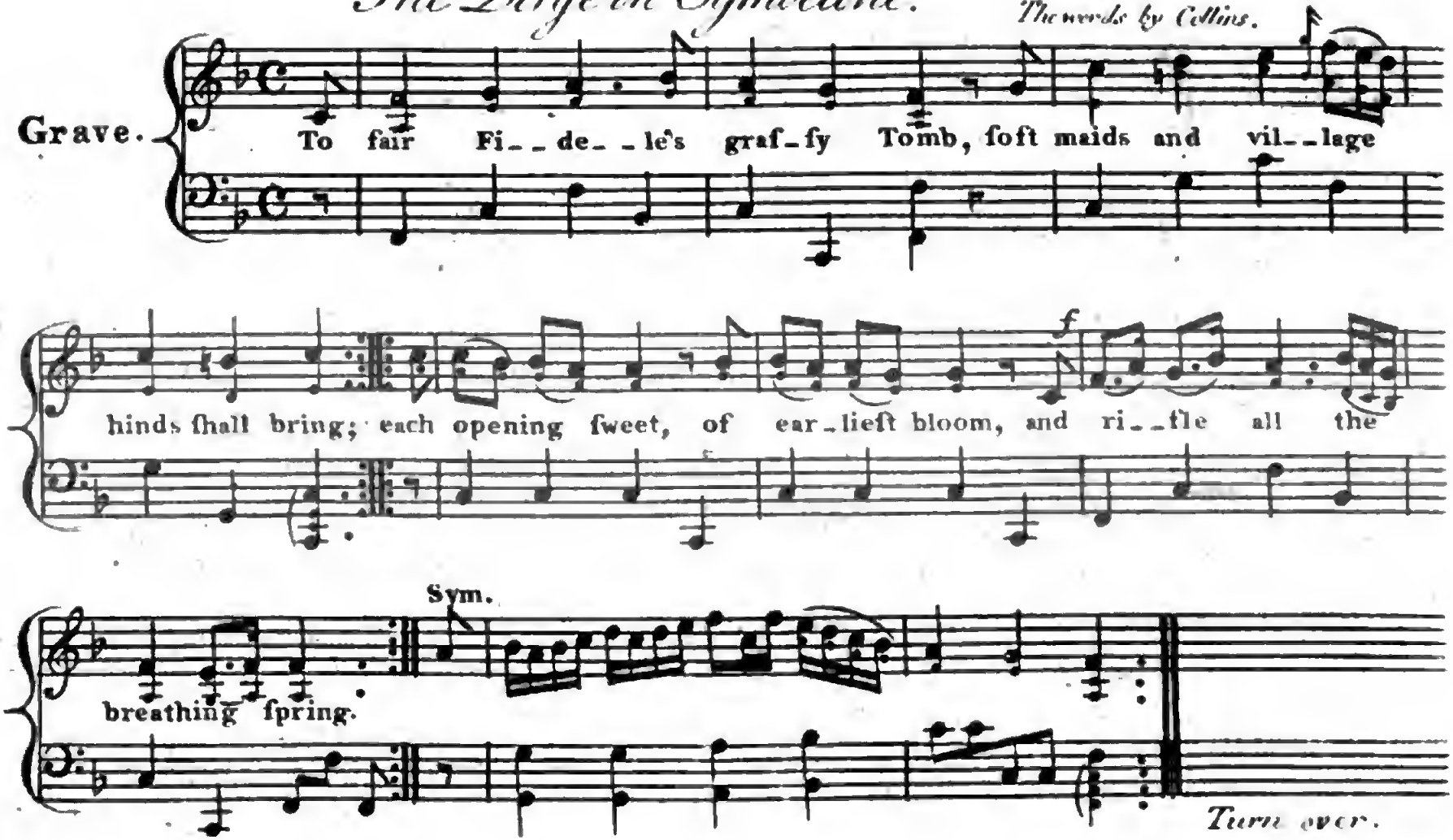
The Dirge in Cymbeline.

The words by Collins.



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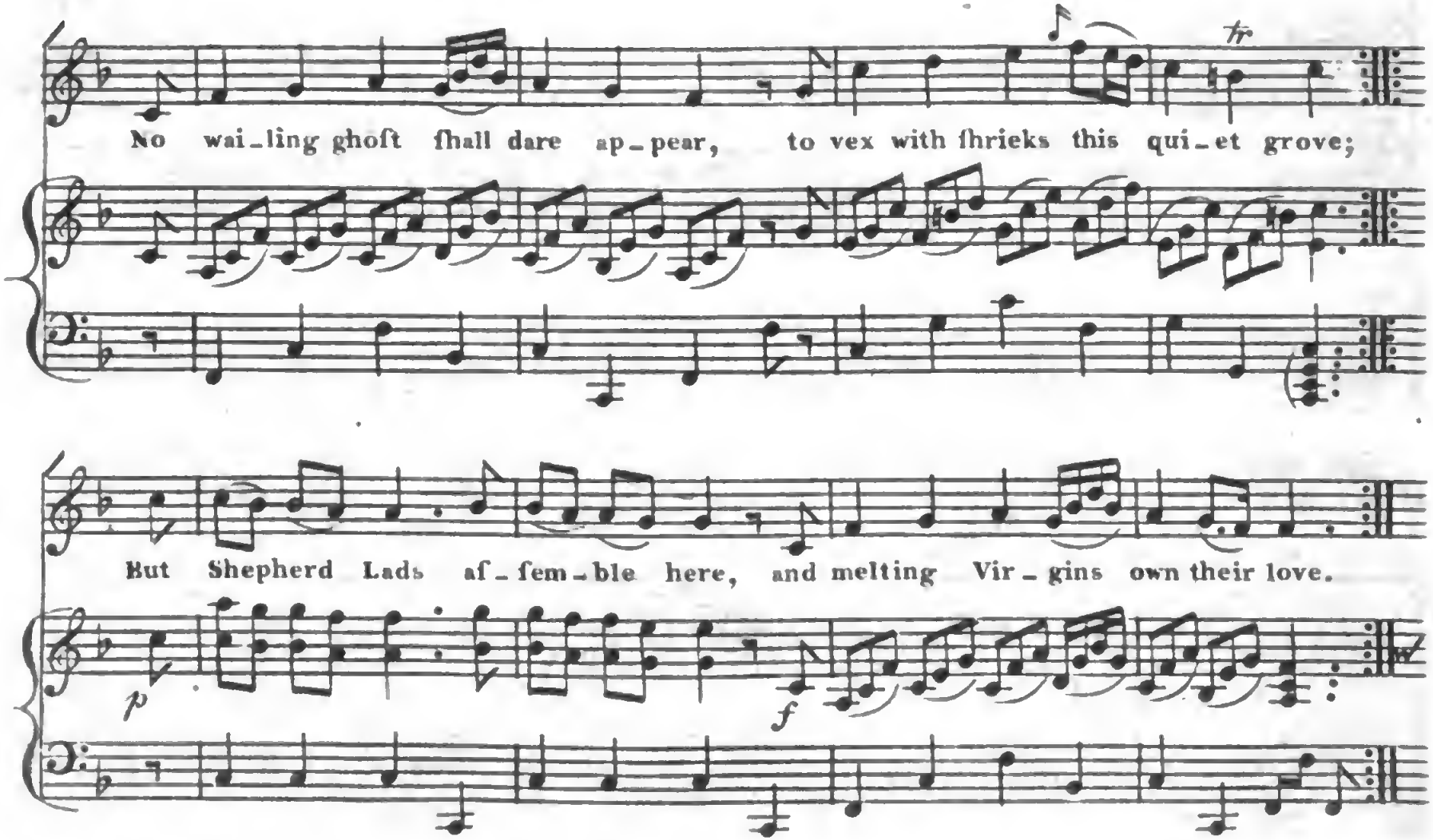

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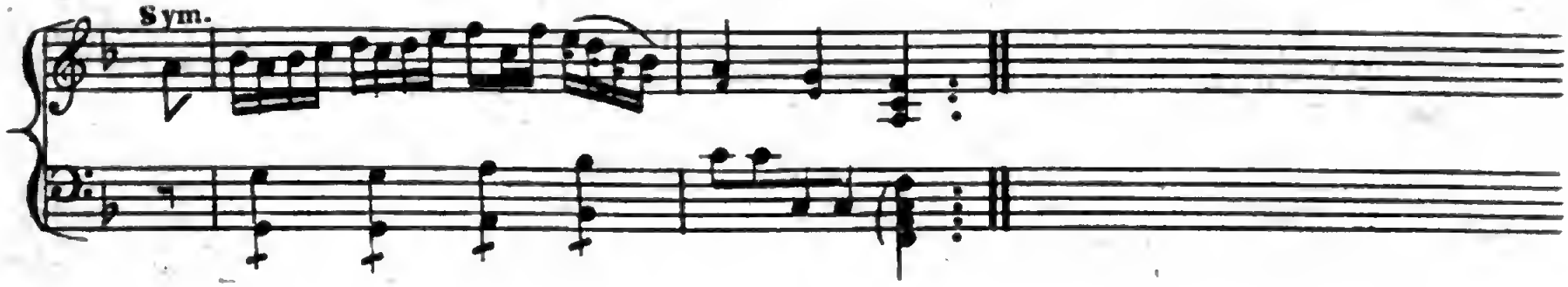

3

No wither'd Witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No Goblins lead their nightly Crew;
The female Fays ſhall haunt the Green,
And dreſs thy Grave with pearly Dew.

4

The Red-breaſt oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary Moſs and gather'd Flowers,
To deck the Ground where thou art laid.

5

When howling Winds and beating Rain
In Tempeſt's ſhake the ſylvan Cell;
Or 'midſt the Chace on every Plain,
The tender Thought on Thee ſhall dwell.

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A Favorite Catch; upon Chriſt-Church Bells, in Oxford.

Adapted for the Harp.

Compoſed by H. Aldrich, Dean of Chriſt-Church, in 1693.

1st.

Hark! the bon-ny Chriſt-church Bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; they found ſo

woun-dy great, ſo wond'rous ſweet, and they troul ſo merri--ly, mer--ri--ly:

2

Hark! the firſt and ſecond Bell, that eve-ry day at four and ten, cries,

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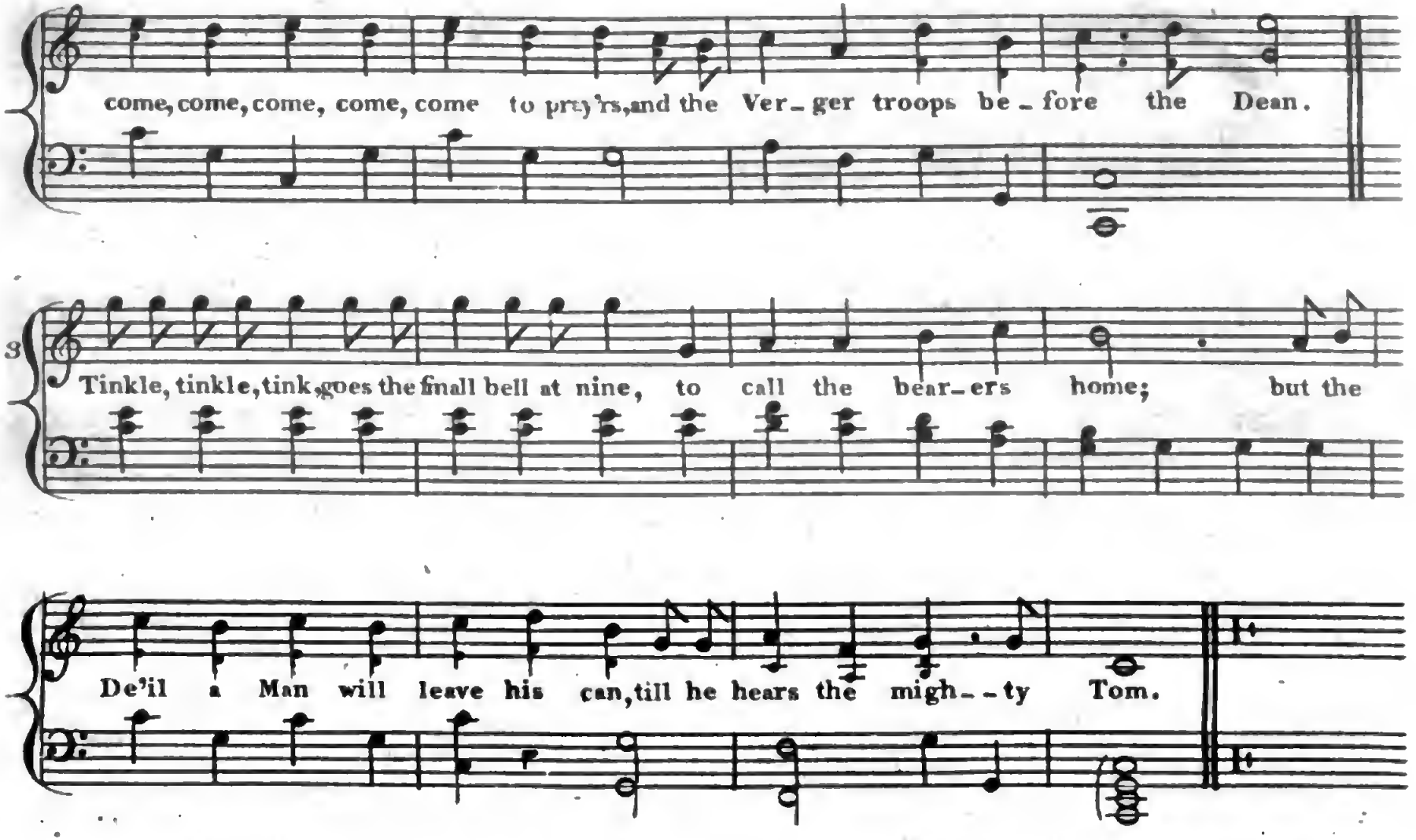

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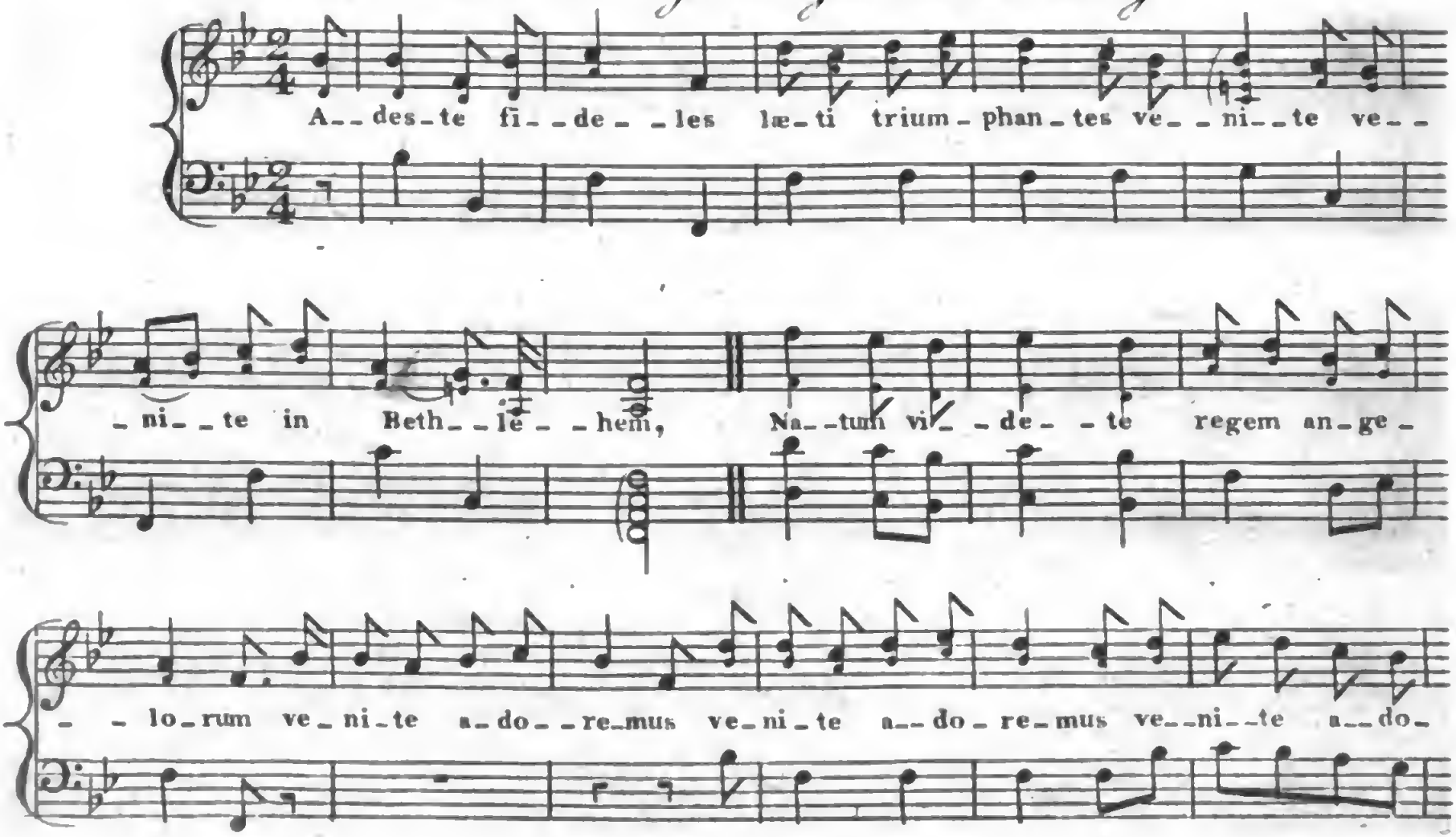
Adeste Fideles. The Portuguese Hymn on the Nativity.



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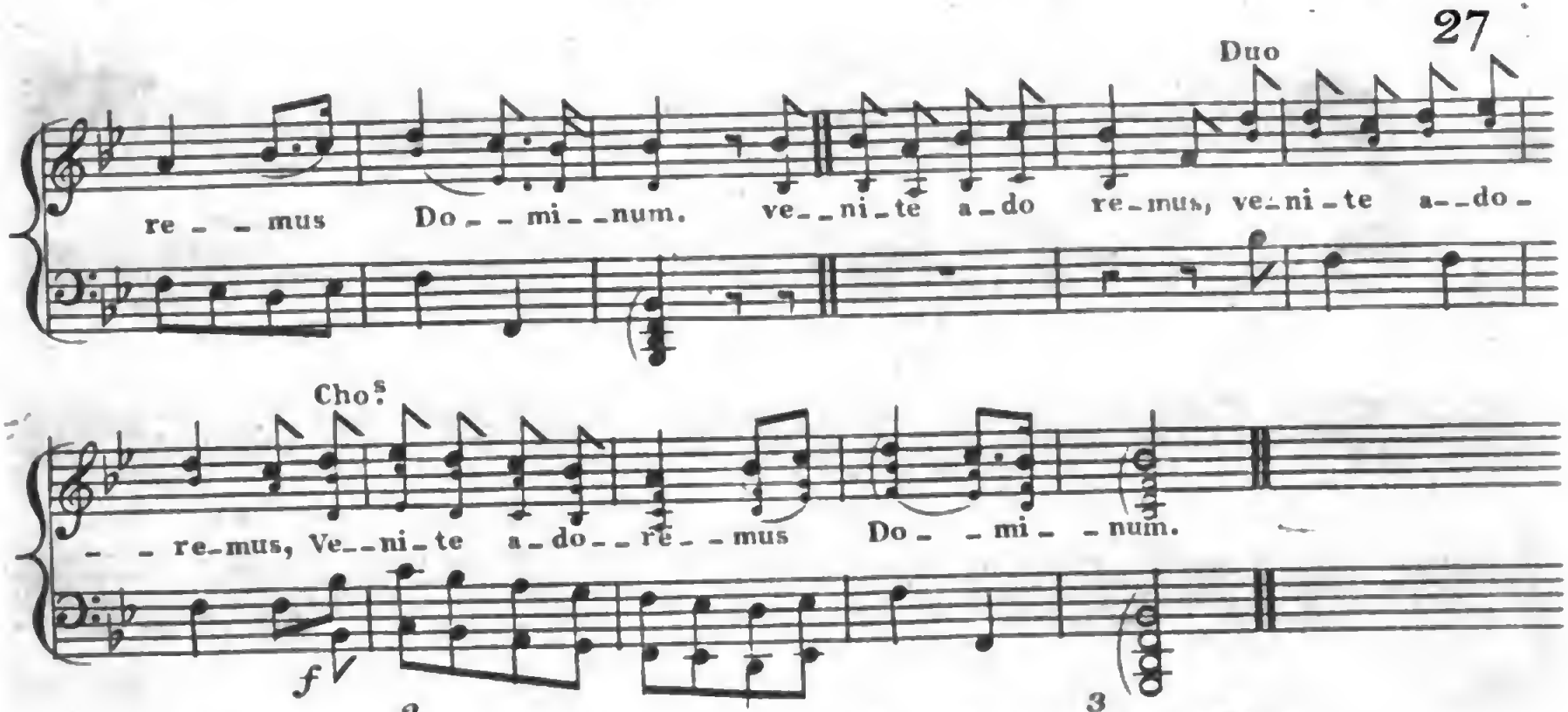

2

Deum de Deo lumen de lumine
Geſtant puella viſcera
Deum verum genitum non factum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

3

Ergo, qui natus die hodierna,
Jeſu tibi ſit gloria,
Patris æterni verbum caro factum;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

4

Cantet nunc Io! chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cæleſtium;
Gloria in excelcis Deo,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

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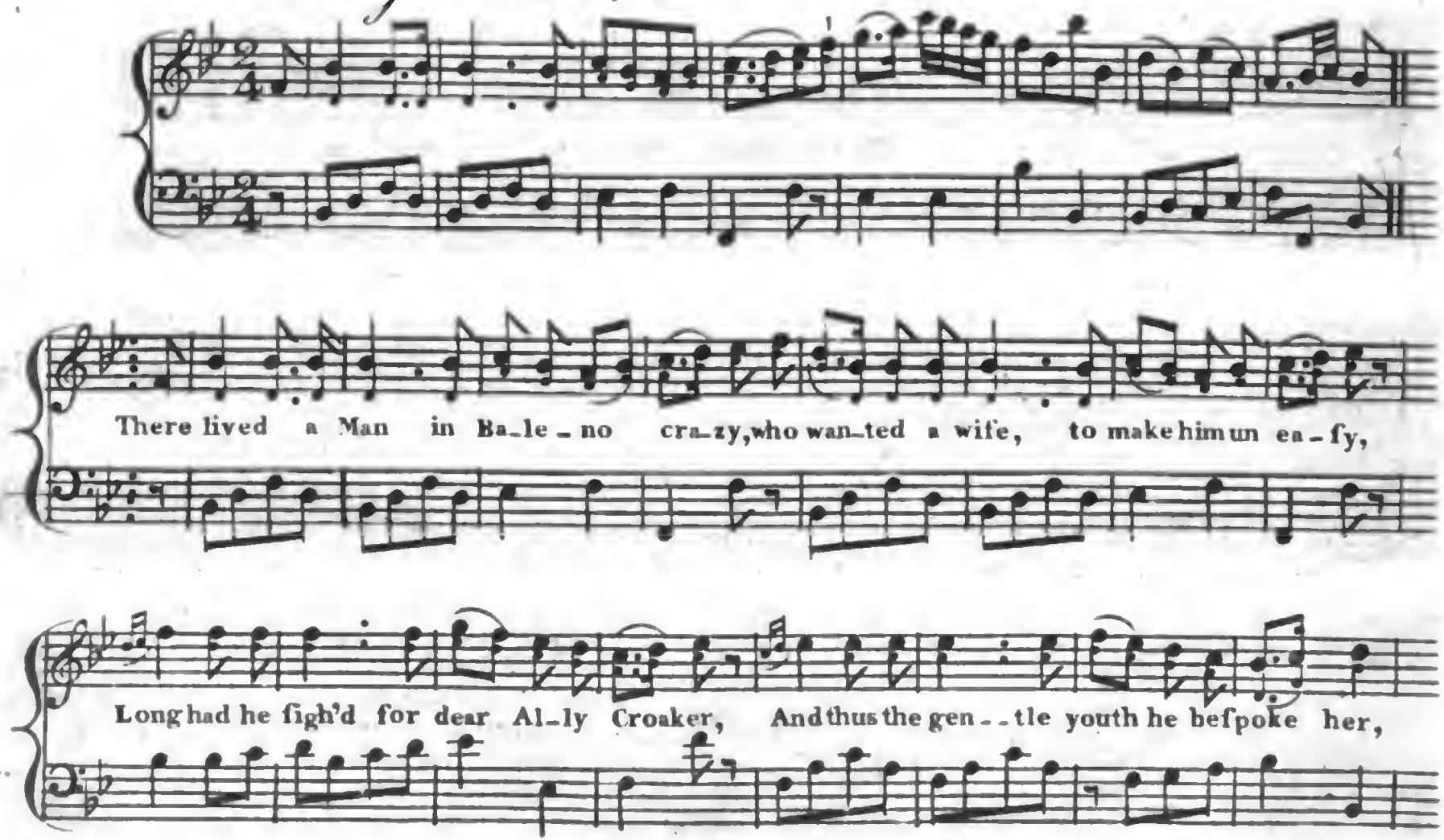
Ally Croaker.



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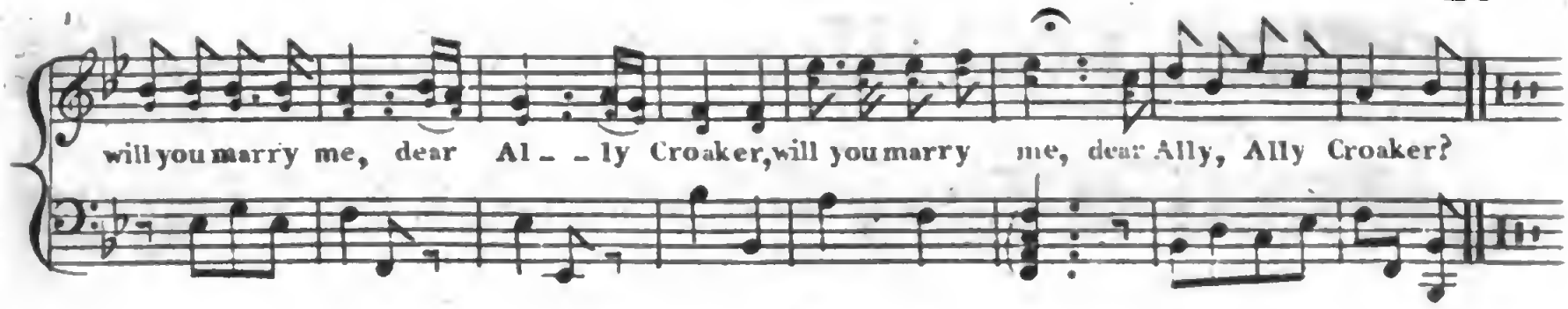

2

This artleſs young man juſt come from the ſchoolary,
A novice in love, and all its foolary;
Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joaker,
And thus the gentle youth beſpoke her;
Will you marry me, dear Ally Croaker,
Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally Croaker?

3

He drank with the father, he talk'd with the mother,
He rompt with the ſiſter, he gam'd with the brother;
He gam'd 'till he pawn'd his coat to the broker,
Which loſt him the heart of his dear Ally Croaker;
Oh! the fickle, fickle, Ally Croaker,
Oh! the fickle Ally, Ally Croaker.

4

To all you young men who are fond of gaming,
Who are ſpending your money whilſt others are ſaving:
Fortune's a jilt, the de'el may choke her,
A jilt more inconſtant than dear Ally Croaker;
Oh! the inconſtant Ally Croaker,
Oh! the inconſtant Ally, Ally Croaker.

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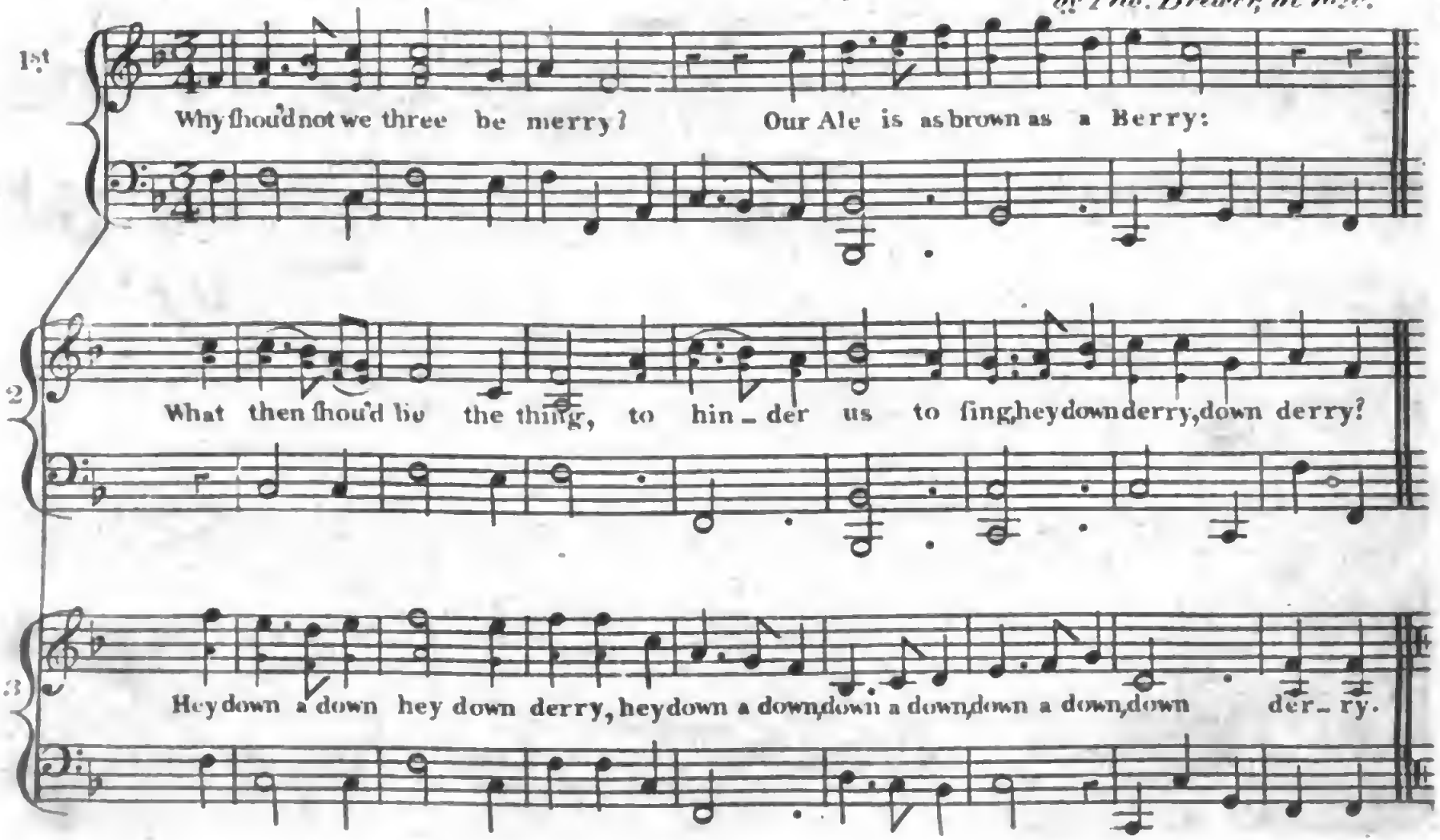
A Round.

by Thos Brewer, in 1620.



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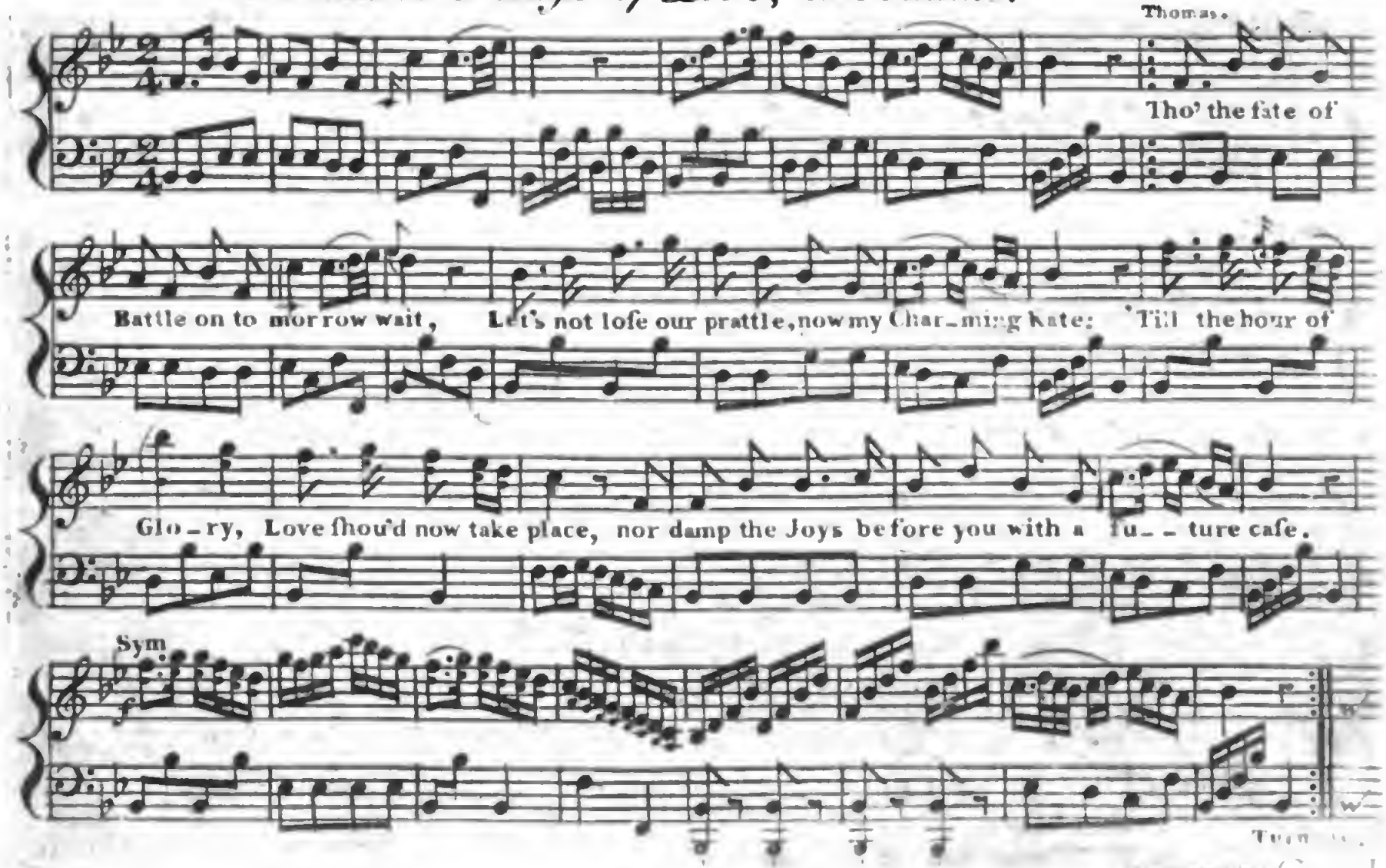

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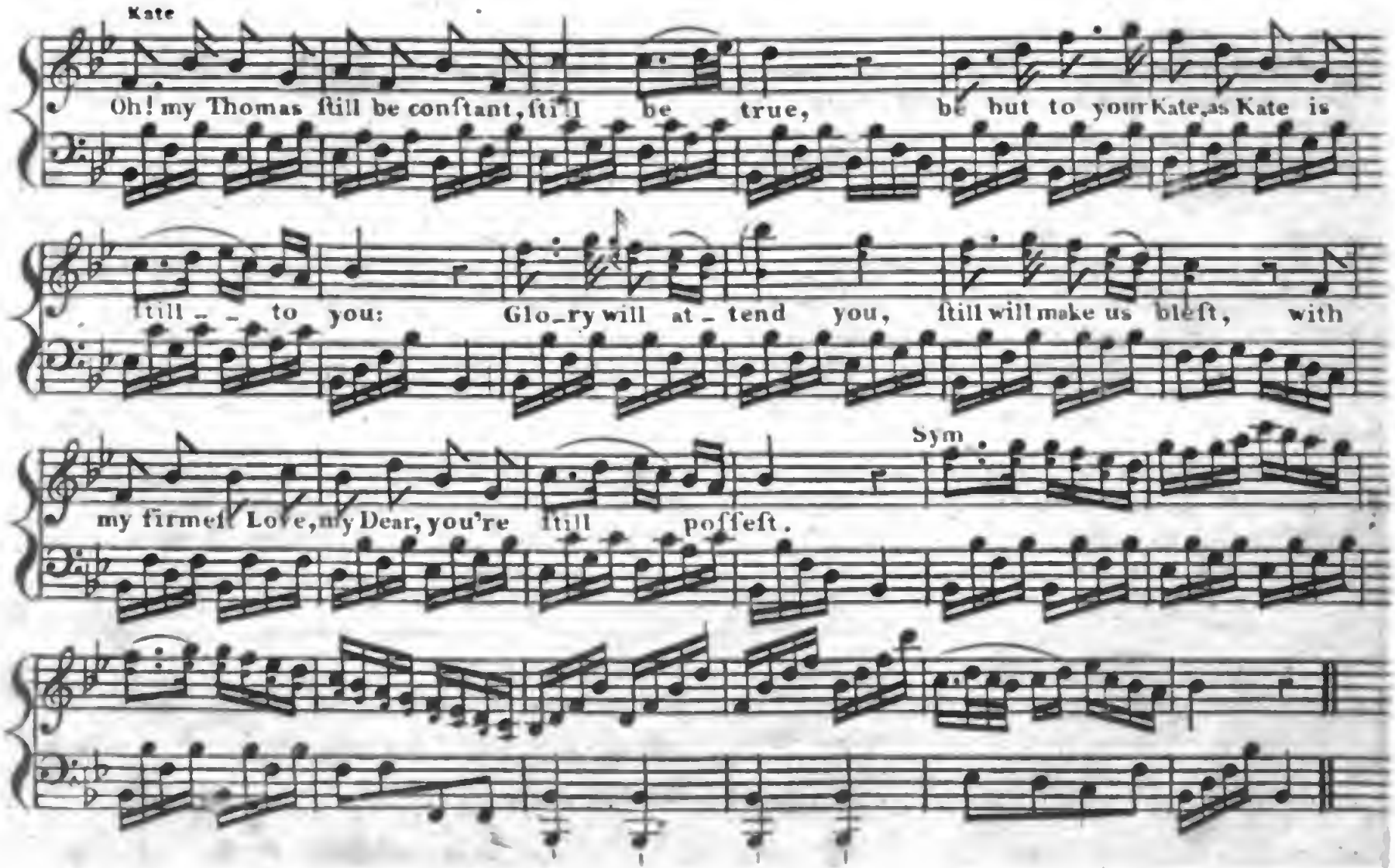

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Thomas. 3

No new Beauties taſted, I'm their arts above,
Three Campaigns are waſted, but not ſo my Love;
Anxious ſtill about thee, thou art all I prize,
Never, Kate, without thee, will I bung theſe Eyes.

Kate. 4

Conſtant to my Thomas, I will ſtill remain,
Nor think I will leave thy ſide, the whole Campaign;
But I'll cheriſh thee, and ſtrive to make thee bold;
May'ſt thou ſhare the Vic'tory! may'ſt thou ſhare ey Gold!

Thomas. 5

If by ſome bold Action, I the Halbert bear,
Think what ſatiſfaction, when my Rank you ſhare;
Dreſt like any Lady, fair from top to toe,
Fine lac'd Caps and Ruffles, then will be your due.

Kate. 6

If a Serjeant's Lady, I ſhould chance to prove,
Linnen ſhall be ready, always for my Love;
Never more will Kate, the Captain's Laundreſs be,
I'm too pretty Thomas Love, for all but thee.

Thomas. 7

Here Kate, take my 'Baccobox, a Soldier's all,
If by Frenchmen's blows, your Tom is doom'd to fall;
When my Life is ended, thou may'ſt boaſt and prove,
Thou'd'ſt my firſt, my laſt, my only Pledge of Love.

Kate. 8

Here take back thy 'Baccobox, thou'rt all to me,
Nor think but I will be near thee, Love, to ſee,
In the Hour of danger, let me always ſhare,
I'll be kept no ſtranger, to my Soldier's fare.

Thomas. 9

Check that riſing ſigh, Kate, ſtop that falling tear,
Come, my pretty Comrade, entertain no fear;
But may Heav'n befriend us, hark! the Drums command,
Now I will attend you — Love, I kiſs your hand.

Both. 10

I can't ſtop theſe Tears, tho' crying I diſdain,
But muſt own 'tis trying, hard the point to gain.
May good Heav'ns defend thee, T. Conqueſt on me wait!
K. Conqueſt on thee wait!
One kiſs more and then, I T. Yield myſelf to Fate.
K. Give thee up to Fate.

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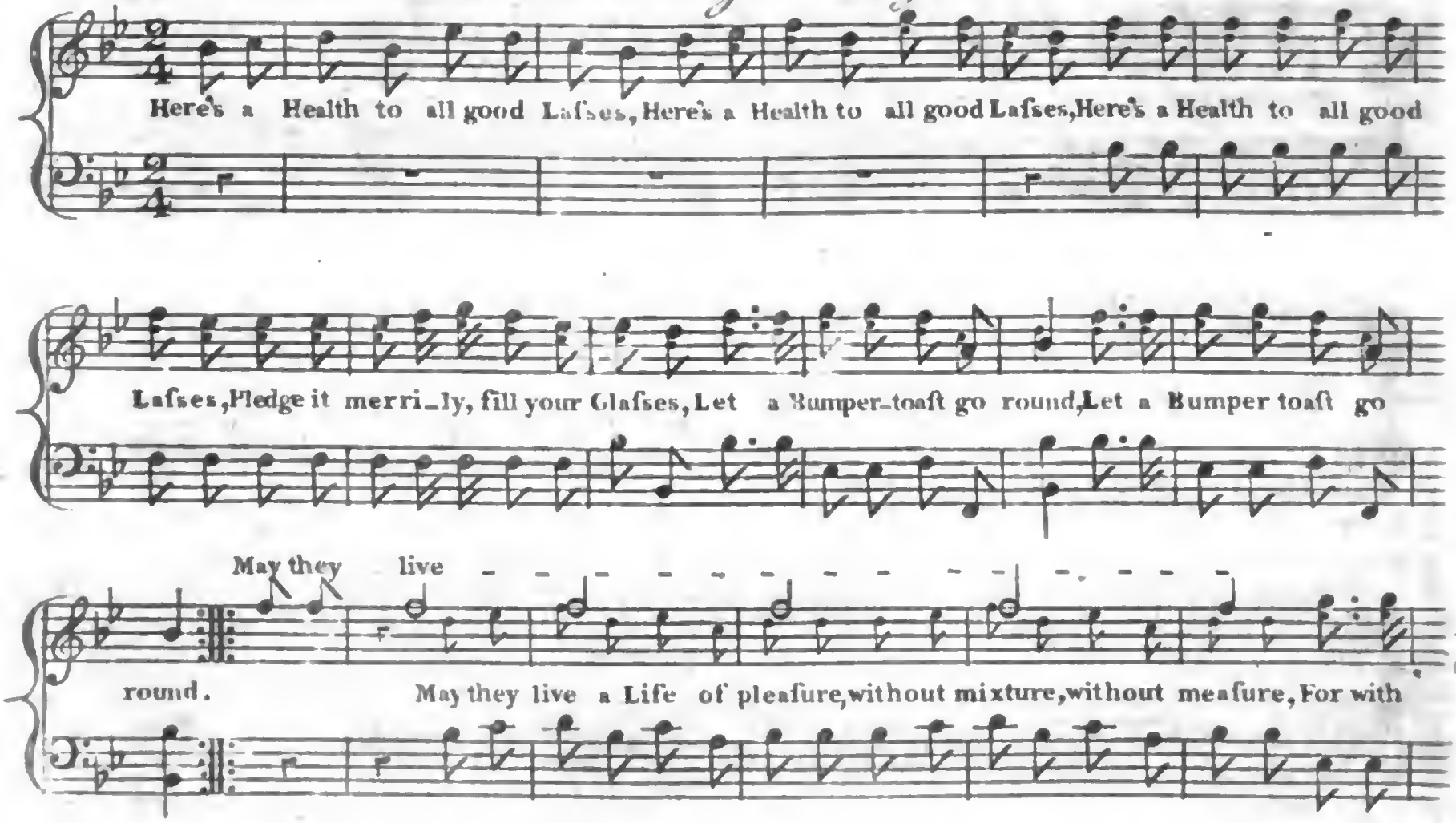
Here's a Health to all good Lafses.



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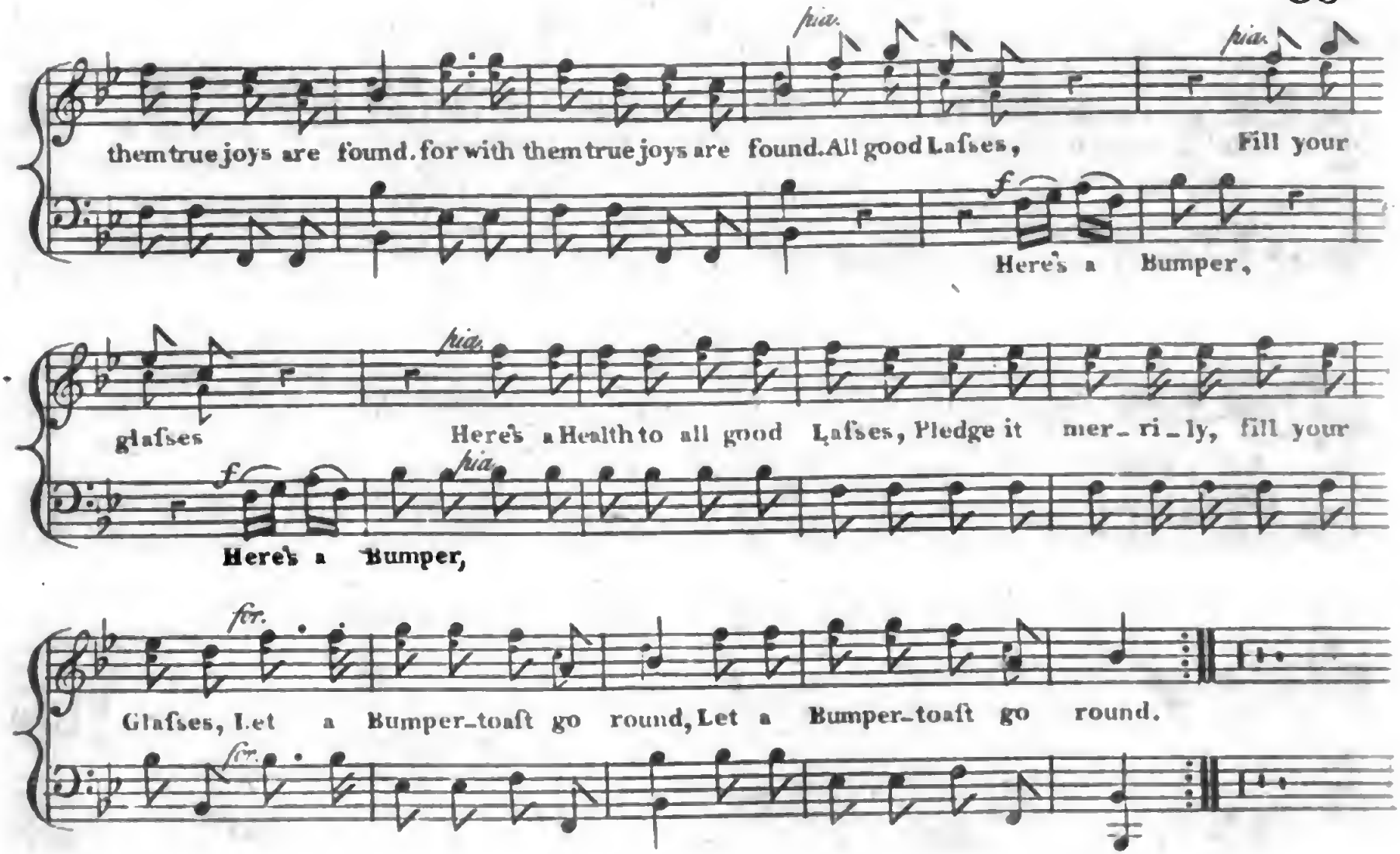

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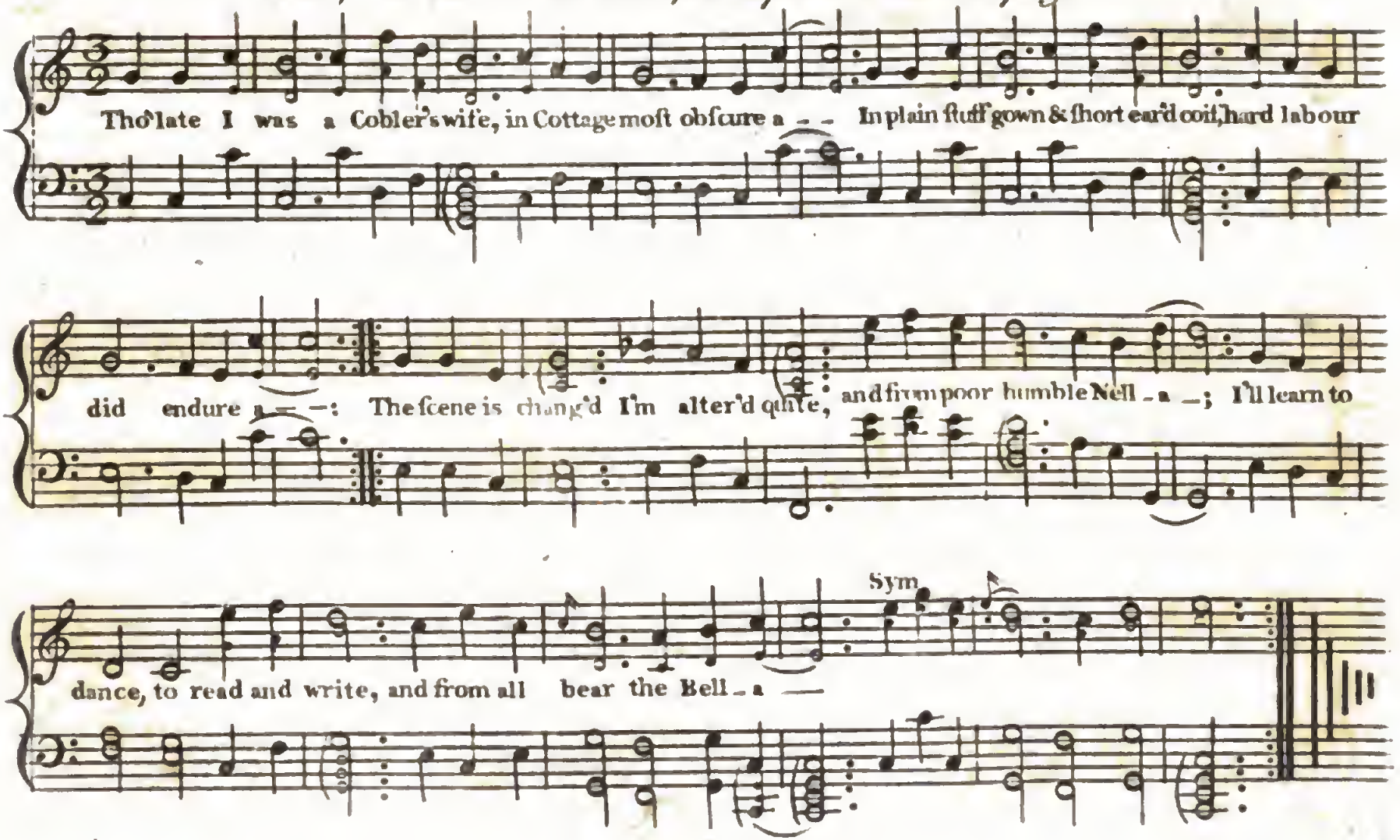
Nell; a Ballad in the Opera of the Devil to pay.



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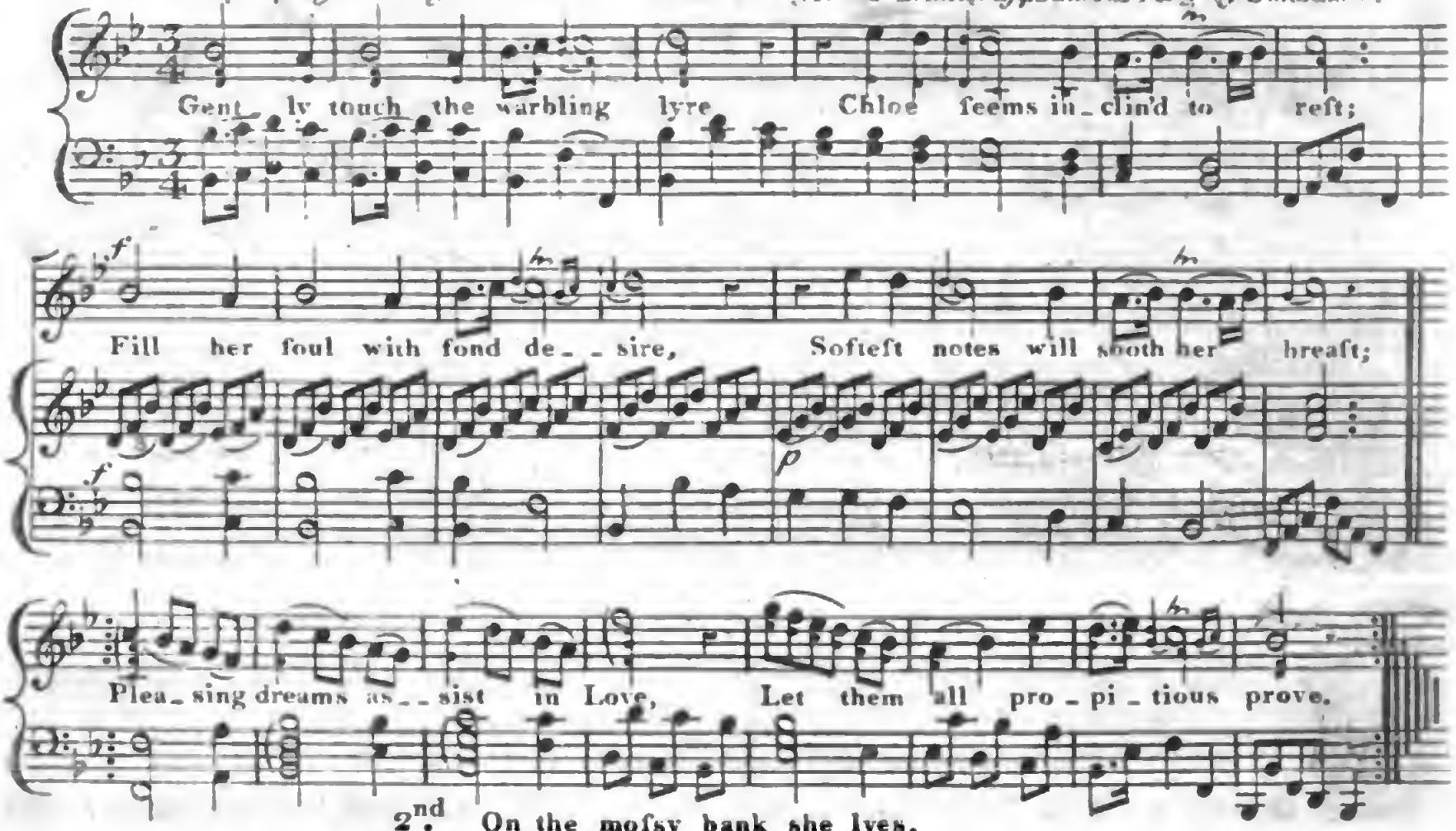
Gently touch the Warbling Lyre

The Words by Arthur Braddley Esqr. and the Melody by Geminiani.

Sempre pia



2nd.

On the moſsy bank she lyes,
(Natur's verdant velvet bed;)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whiſpers ſound.—

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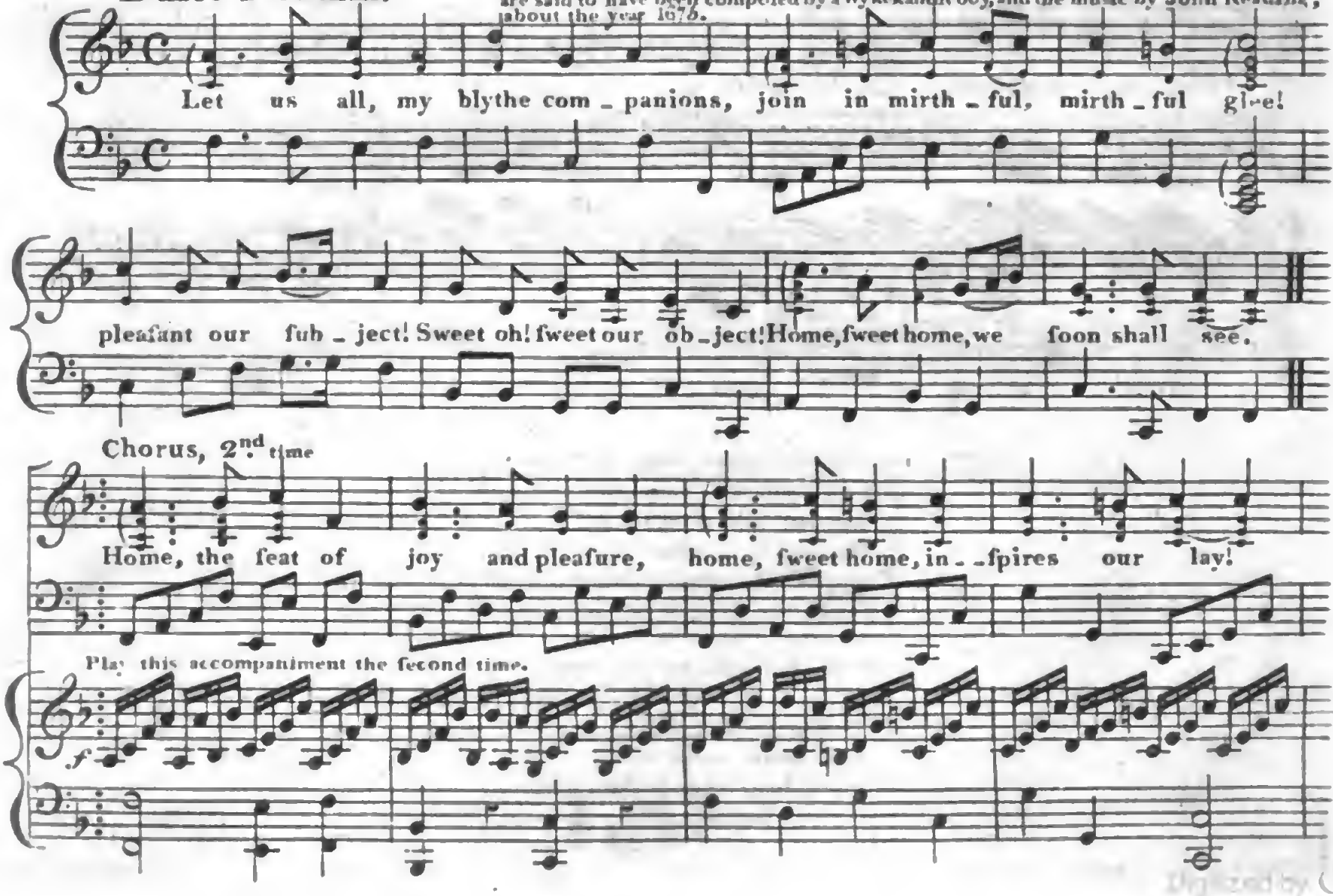
Dulce Domum.

This celebrated Song, is annually ſung on the evening preceding the Whitſun-holidays at St. Mary College, Wincheſter; at which time the Maſters, Scholars, and Choriſters, attended by a band of muſic, walk in proceſſion round the courts of the college ſinging Dulce Domum, which is here imitated in Engliſh; the original Latin words are ſaid to have been compoſed by a Wykehamiſt boy, and the muſic by John Reading, about the year 1678.



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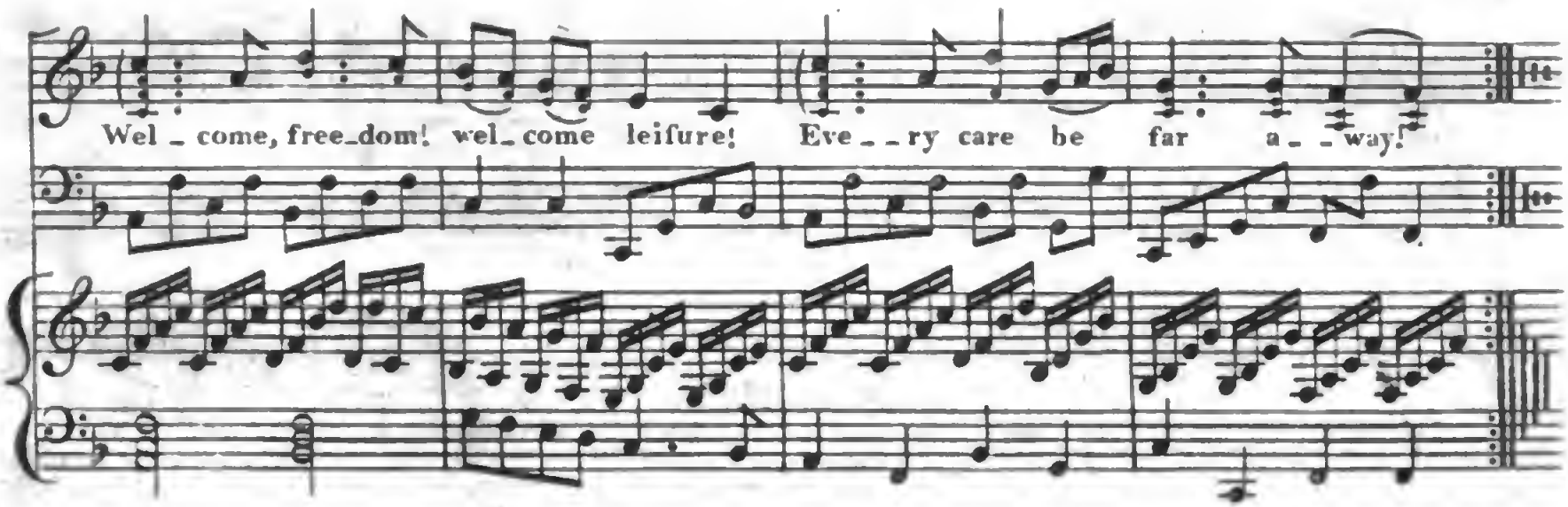

2nd. Now the Swallow, bird of ſummer,
Seeks again her long-left home;
See her neſt preparing!
We, my boys, ſhall ſhare in
The dear delights of home, ſweet home!
Home, the ſeat, of joy and pleaſure, &c.

3rd. Swift as thought, ye generous courſers,
Bear us to the wish'd-for end!
To the fond careſses,
The tender embraces,
Of each lov'd and loving friend.
Home, the ſeat, of joy and pleaſure, &c.

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The Ballad of Barbara Allen.

Arranged by Edwd Jones.

Slow and Pathetic.

In Scarlet Town, where I was born, there was a fair maid dwelling, who

f *p*

made each youth cry, "well a day." Her name was Barbara Allen.

Sym

f *p*

'Twas in the plea-sant month of may, when trees with buds are swelling, a

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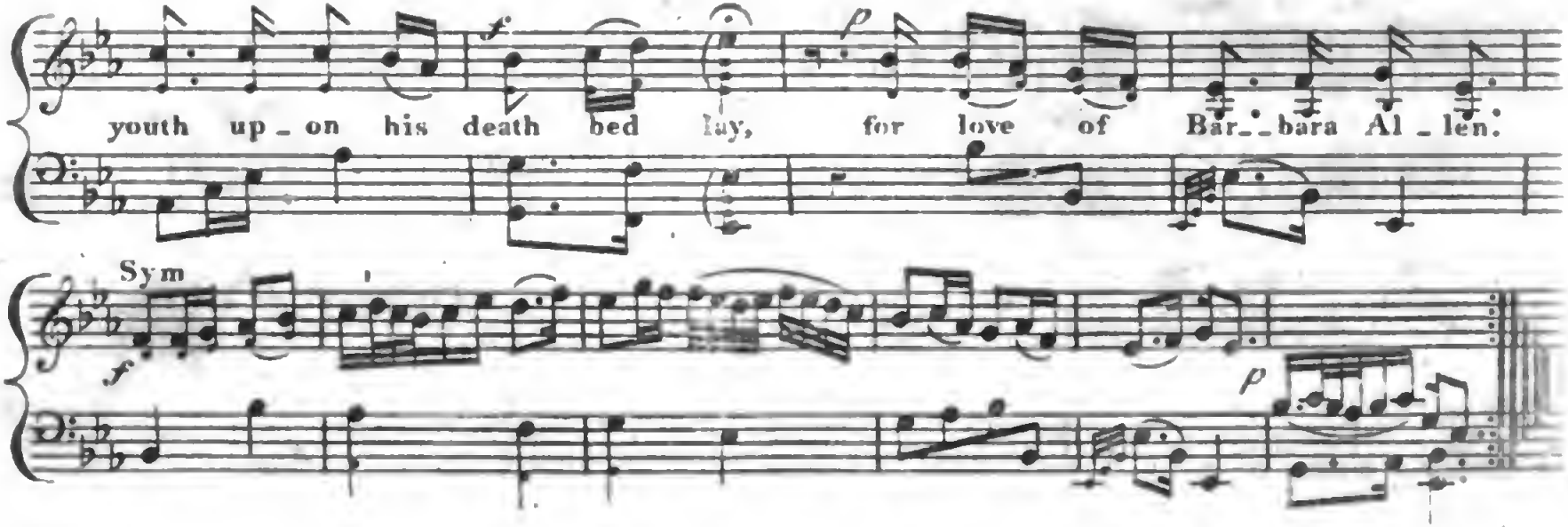

3. He sent a swain unto the maid,
To the town where she was dwelling,
Who said "come to my maſter dear,
If your name be Barhara Allen.

4. For death is printed on his face
And o'er his heart is ſtealing
So come away for the love of grace,
Too charming Barbara Allen "

5. "Tho' death be printed on his cheek
And o'er his heart is ſtealing,
Yet little better ſhall he be
For the love of Barbara Allen "

6. So ſlowly, ſlowly, she came up,
And ſlowly she came nigh him,
And all she ſaid, when she came there,
Was, "man, I think you're dying "

Turn over.

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7. He turn'd himſelf then round in bed,
His breaſt with anguish ſwelling,
"O pity me, ſweet maid, (he said,)
I die for Barbara Allen."

8. "If you upon your death bed lie
What needs the tale you're telling,
I cannot cure you, no, not I,
Farewell!" said Barbara Allen.

9. He claſp'd his hands, he raiſ'd his eyes,
As deadly pangs he fell in,
"Adieu, adieu, to all, (he cries,)
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

10. As ſhe was walking far away,
She heard the bell a knelling,
And every ſtroke did ſeem to say,
"O cruel Barbara Allen."

11. When ſhe came to her mother's door,
She cried, heart-full of ſorrow,
"O mother, mother! make my bed,
For I ſhall die to morrow."

12. When he was laid in his cold grave,
Each tongue of her was telling,
And all reproach'd the cruel maid,
The lovely Barbara Allen. —

13. This fill'd her mind with deep deſpair,
Diſtraction ſore, ſhe fell in —
"Arise (ſhe cried,) ye ſpectres drear,
And ſeize on Barbara Allen."

14. At length the frenzy left her brain —
Her heart was ſorrow's dwelling —
And oft alas! the hopleſs maid,
Sigh'd, "cruel Barbara Allen."

15. With faded form, with pallid cheek,
With anguish paſt the telling;
She call'd upon her lover's name,
And thus, died Barbara Allen. —

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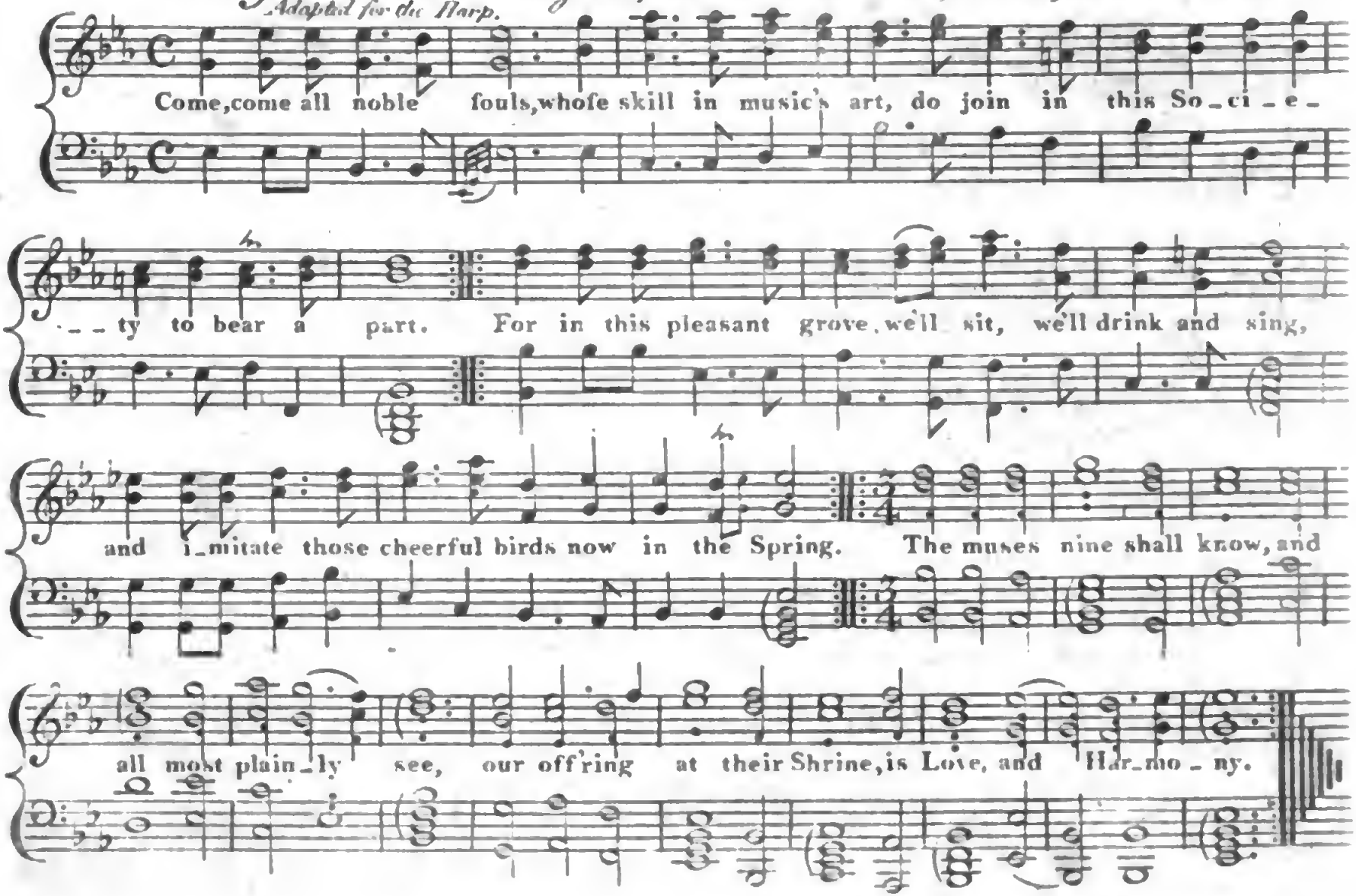
A Glee. This charming Composition was written by Dr. Rogers, about 1668.

Adapted for the Harp.



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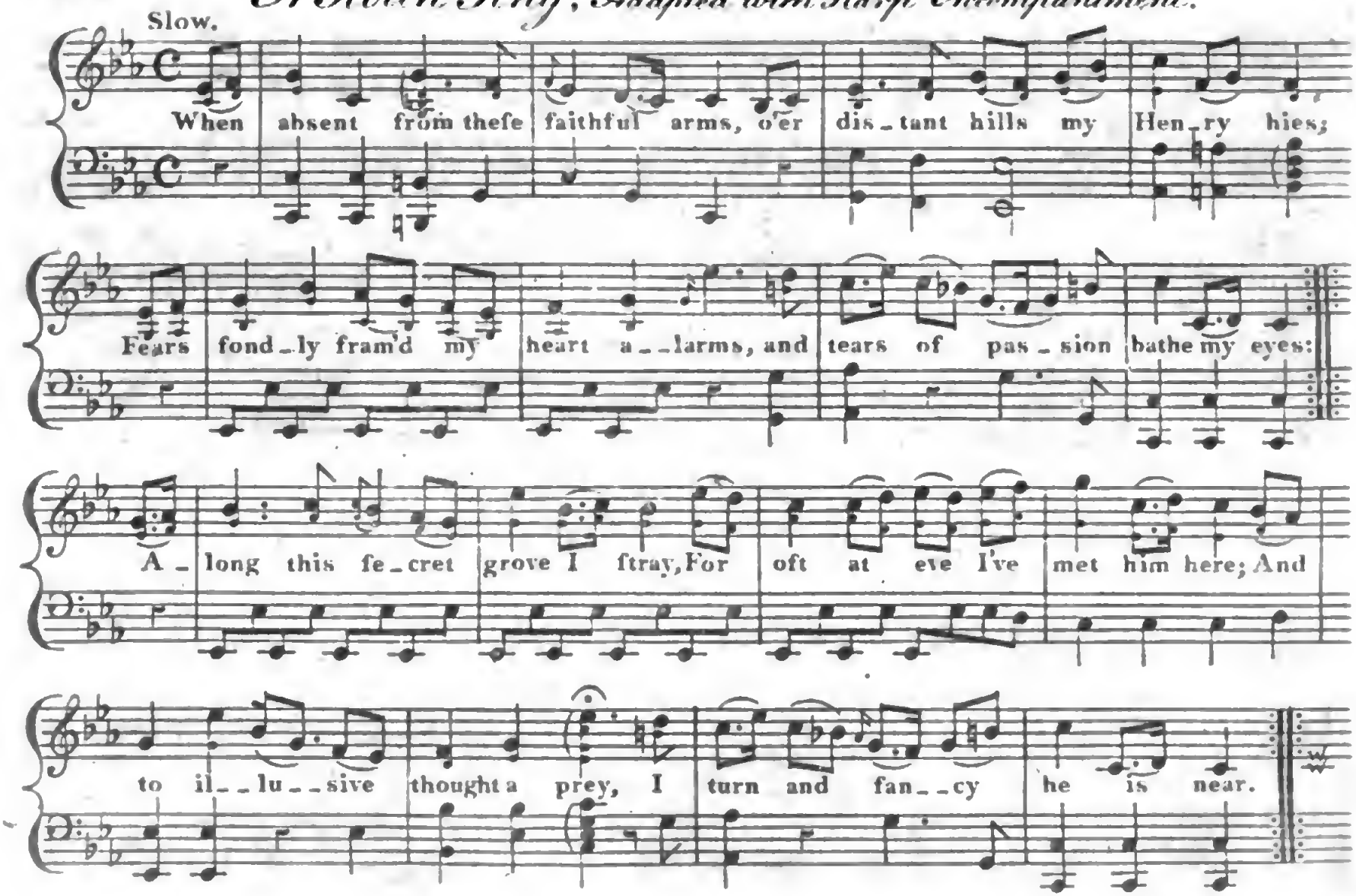
A Scotch Song, Adapted with Harp Accompaniment.



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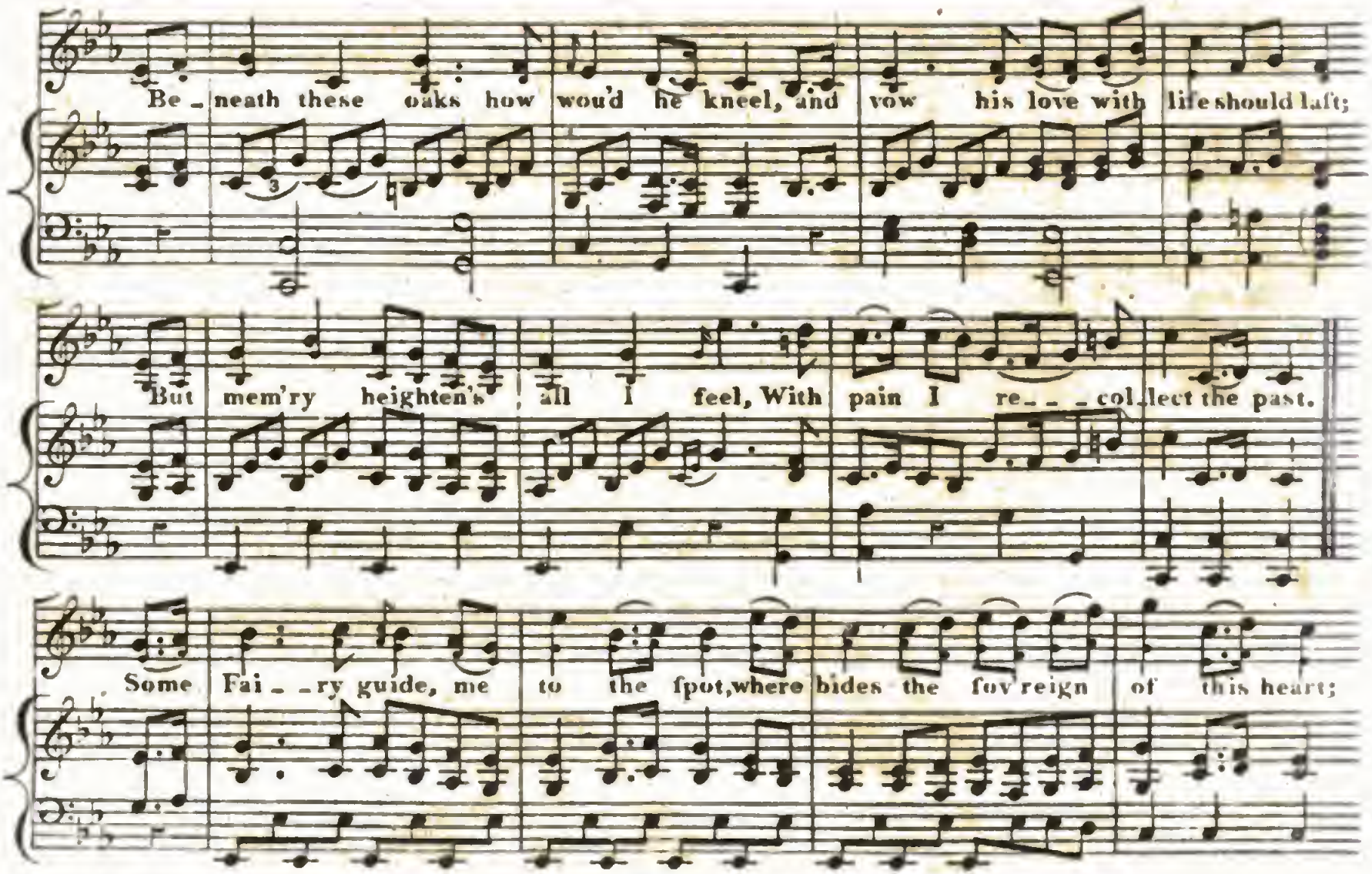
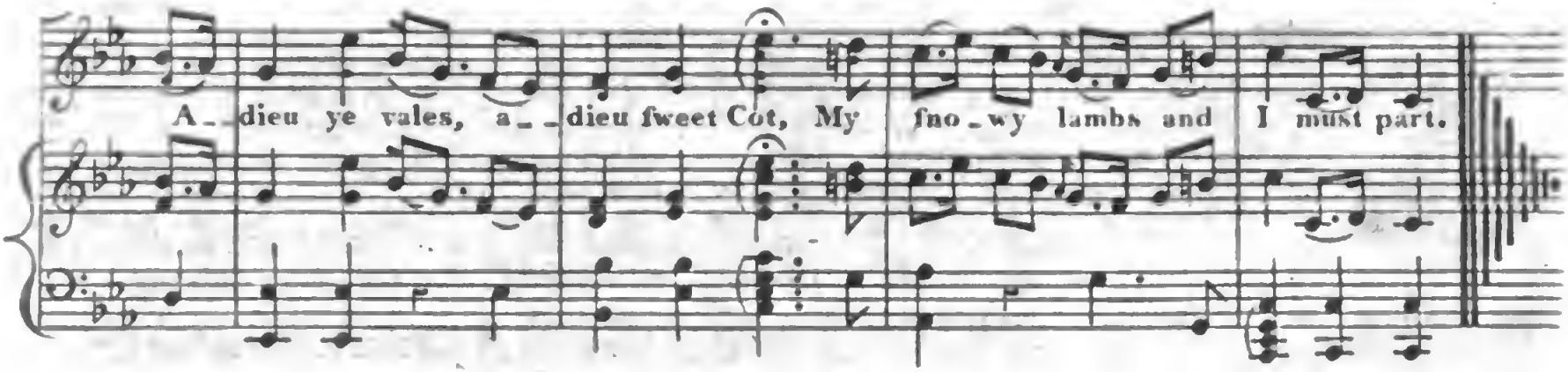

Be_neath these oaks how woud he kneel, and vow his love with life should laft;
But mem'ry heighten's all I feel, With pain I re_ _ _col_lect the past.
Some Fai_ _ry guide, me to the fpot, where bides the fov'reign of this heart;



3.rd Thro' woods and wilds_midſt thorns and brakes,
For the dear lad my way I'll keep,
'Till ſtrength this tender frame forſakes,
When wearied lie me down and weep:
But O! return perfidious ſwain;
Thou airy wand'rer ceaſe to rove;
Ah! haſte to theſe fond arms again,
For none you meet like me will love.

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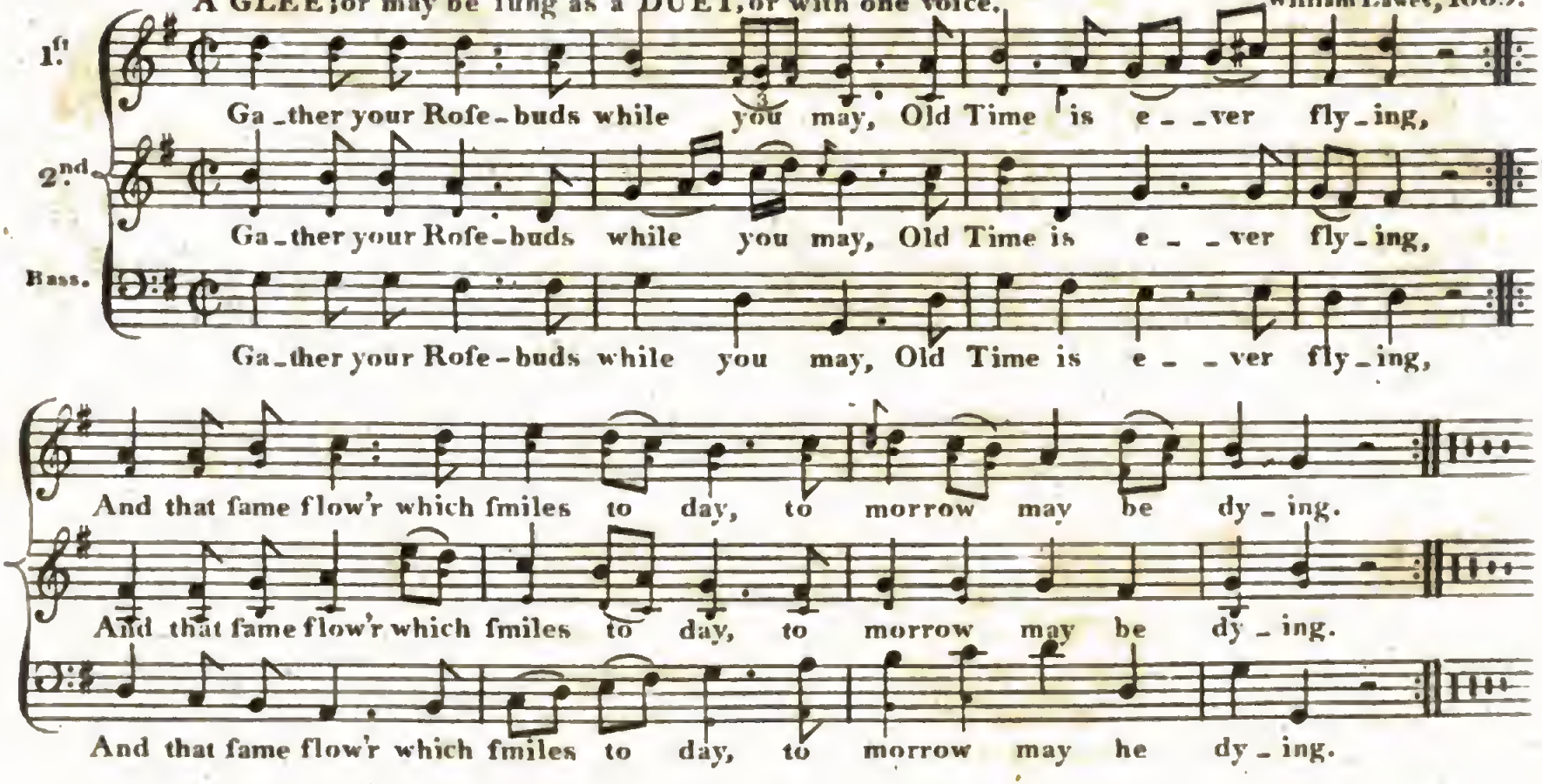
A GLEE; or may be ſung as a DUET, or with one voice. William Lawes, 1669.



2. That Age is beſt which is the firſt,
While Youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not then the laſt and worſt,
Time ſtill ſucceeds the former.

3. Then be not Coy, nor waſte your time,
But while you're Young go Marry:
For having once got paſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry..

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